

NIGHTMARE

Vengeance of the White Cobra...
FANGS of DEATH



NEW! 1954 SECRET CODE

Vibra Planet Space

WALKIE-TALKIES

FUN
&
THRILLS
FOR ALL

Thrills & Fun Galore!

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NEW

2
PHONES
COMPLETE

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2 WAY — SENDS . . . RECEIVES!
VOICE . . . SONG . . . MUSIC
NO ELECTRIC WIRES • NO BATTERIES

Talk between house & garage . . . between rooms . . . house & house

LEAPIN' LEOPARDS! . . . just like the Top-Secret Equipment all the Space Commandos use on Television and in the Movies! 2 Real Space Phones to talk & hear through—You can transmit messages, music, songs, SPACE-O-GRAMS. A PORTABLE Space Set—carry it with you everywhere! Speak thru Space! You and your friends can have great Fun, Adventure & Thrills talking back and forth between houses, from room to room from secret hiding places!

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NAME _____

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NIGHTMARE
(formerly Weird Horrors)

February, 1954

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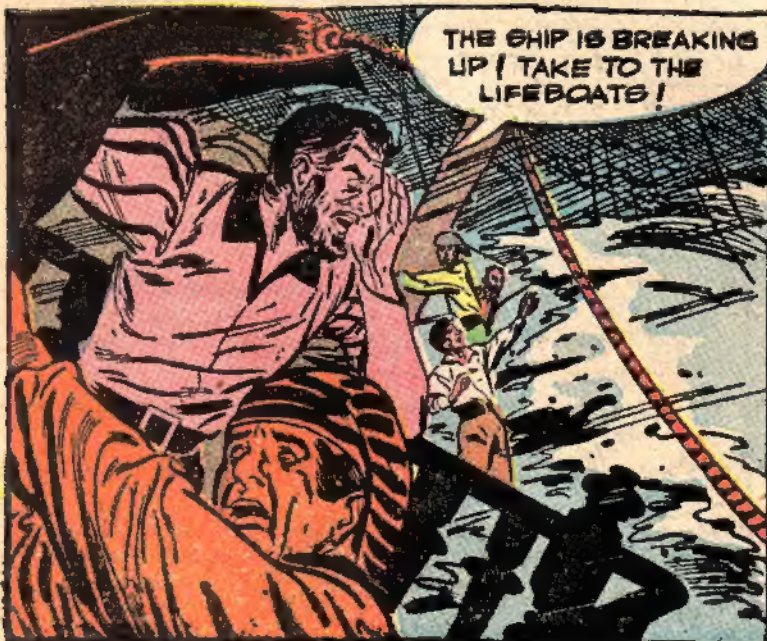
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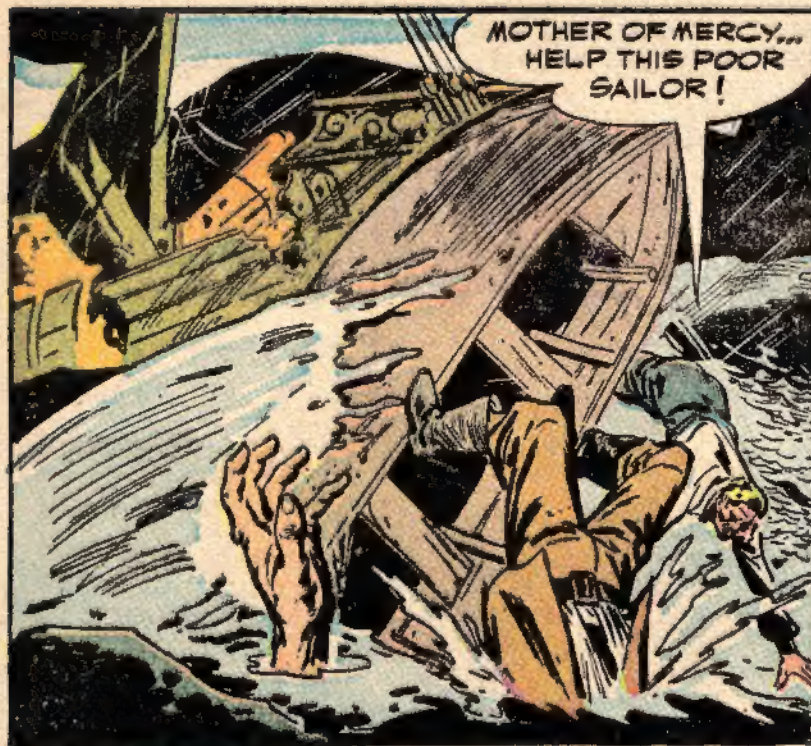
ONE OF THE EARLIEST TALES OF SHIPWRECK ON A STORM TOSSED SEA AND SURVIVAL ON A DESERT ISLAND IS THE ONE OF PETER SERRANO WHO, IN 1540, ACHIEVED WORLD-WIDE FAME AS ...

THE CASTAWAY WHO BECAME A MONSTER



THE SPANISH MERCHANTMAN, INFANTA, HAD BEEN SAILING THE SMOOTH CARRIBEAN FOR TEN DAYS WHEN A SUDDEN, TERRIFYING STORM BLEW UP...





ONLY THE
PIECES OF
TIMBER FROM
THE SUNKEN
SHIP STOOD
BETWEEN
LIFE AND
DEATH FOR
THE HAPLESS
SURVIVORS...
AND AS THE
HOURS WENT
BY AND
THEIR
STRENGTH
EBBED,
THEY BEGAN,
ONE BY ONE,
TO GIVE
THEMSELVES
UP TO THE
HUNGRY
SEA...



BUT PETER SERRANO HAD ONLY ENOUGH
STRENGTH TO CLING TO HIS OWN PIECE
OF TIMBER...



AND SOON PETER WAS THE SOLE REMAINING
MEMBER OF A CREW THAT HAD NUMBERED
FORTY MEN...

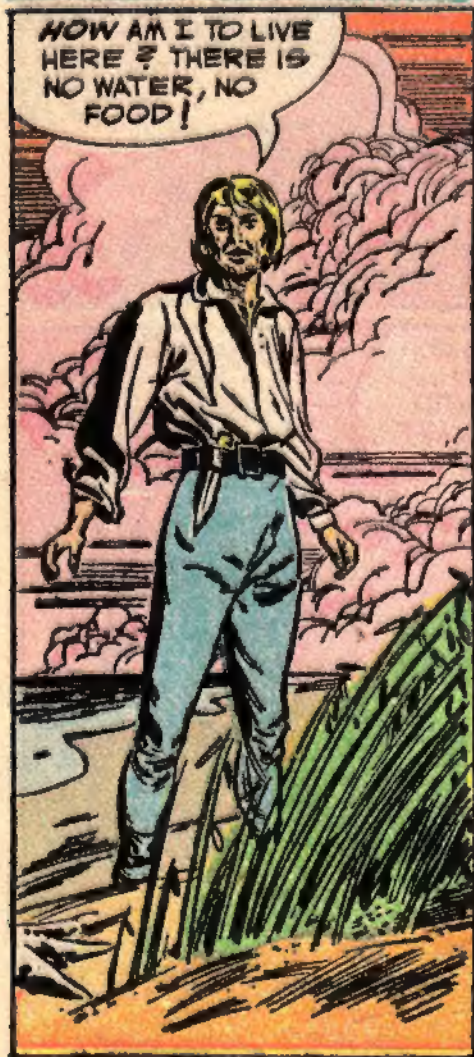
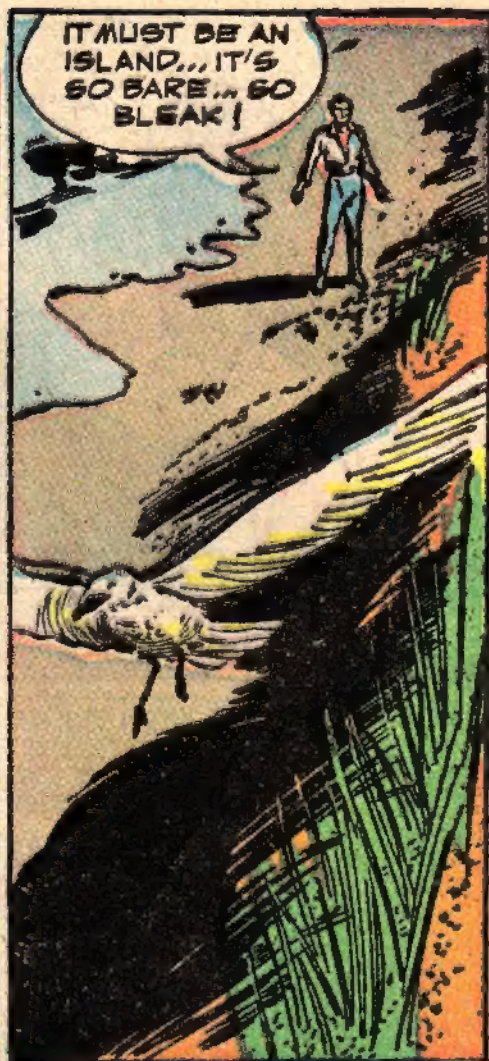
BUT THE CAPRICIOUS SEA HAD OTHER PLANS
FOR PETER SERRANO, AND AS THE STORM
ABATED, HE FOUND HIMSELF DRIFTING TOWARD
LAND...



CONSCIOUSNESS LEFT HIM,
AS HE WAS WASHED ASHORE
BY THE WAVES...



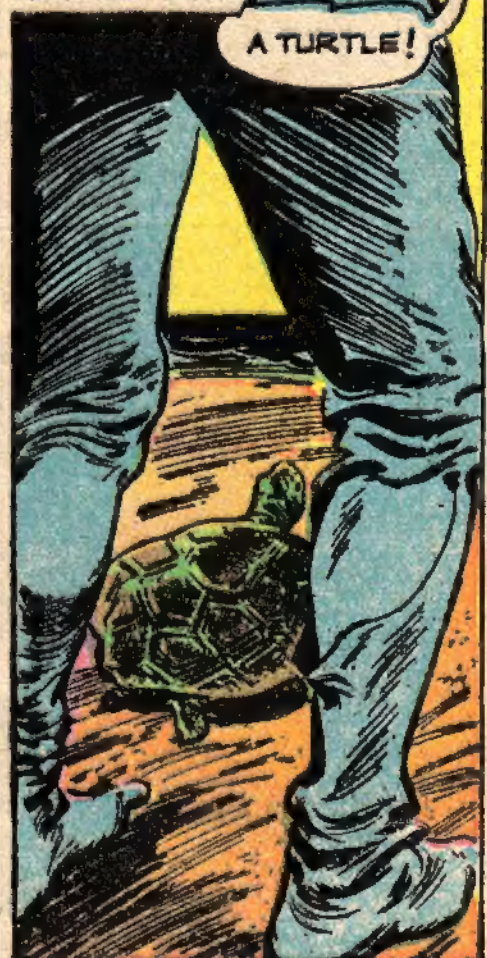
AND WHEN HE AWAKE...



DESPAIR ALMOST OVER-
WHELMED PETER SERRANO
THAT FIRST NIGHT ON THE
STRANGE ISLAND...



THE NEXT DAY, AS PETER
WANDERED ABOUT, HE FOUND
NEW HOPE...



FOOD! AND I CAN
DRINK THE BLOOD!

AS PETER ATE, HIS STRENGTH RETURNED,
AND WITH IT THERE CAME THE COURAGE
TO PLAN FOR SURVIVAL...

IF IT RAINS
THIS TURTLE
SHELL WILL
CATCH DRINK-
ING WATER!

THERE
WERE NO
STONES
ON THE
ISLAND
BUT
PETER
KNEW
THAT HE
WOULD
FIND
SOME
IF HE
SWAM
INTO THE
SURF
AND
DIVED
TO THE
BOTTOM...

WITH THESE ROCKS
AND SOME DRY SEA-
WEED I CAN LIGHT
A FIRE!

PETER SPENT HIS DAYS HUNTING FOR TINY
SHELL FISH, KEEPING HIS FIRE BURNING AND
ADDING TO THE PRECIOUS SUPPLY OF RAIN
WATER WHICH THE OCCASIONAL RAINS
BROUGHT...

BUT
PETER
WAS
NOT TO
FIND
EVEN A
SMALL
MEASURE
OF SECURITY
IN THIS
STRANGE
NEW WAY
OF LIFE,
FOR
TORRENTIAL
RAINS
ALTERNATING
WITH
WITHERING
HEAT, CON-
SPIRED TO
FILL HIS
DAYS AND
NIGHTS
WITH
TORTURE...

THE TURTLE MEAT
I STORED WILL
BE RUINED!

THE HEAT--THE
BLAZING SUN...
I MUST GO INTO
THE SURF...MUST
COOL MY BODY...

EXPOSURE TO THE EXTREMES OF WEATHER SEEMED TO HAVE AN ODD EFFECT ON PETER... THE HAIR OF HIS BODY BEGAN TO GROW LONG AND BRISTLY. THE HAIR OF HIS HEAD SOON REACHED TO HIS WAIST... AND AS A YEAR WENT BY, HE BEGAN TO RESEMBLE SOME WILD, SAVAGE CREATURE...



AT THE END OF THREE YEARS, PETER WAS SURPRISED BY THE APPEARANCE OF ANOTHER CASTAWAY...



ANOTHER POOR SAILOR... HE SAVED HIMSELF ON A PLANK OF HIS DOOMED SHIP, JUST AS I DID!



BROTHER!

NO! NO!



OH MERCIFUL LORD, DELIVER ME FROM THIS DEVIL!

BUT I AM NOT THE DEVIL! I AM A MAN LIKE YOU... I TOO WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE!



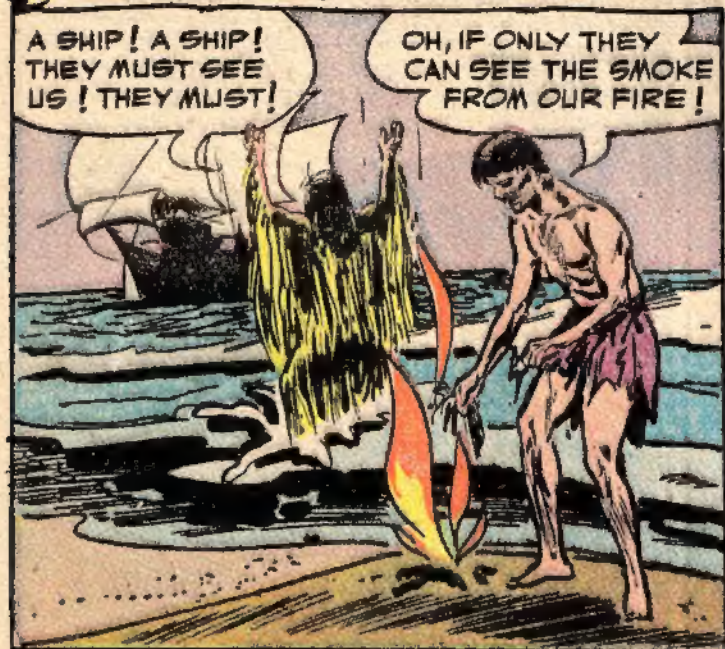
...AND YOU'VE LIVED THIS WAY FOR THREE YEARS WITH NO HOPE OF RESCUE?

YES, I FEAR WE MAY NEVER BE RESCUED FROM THIS GOD-FORSAKEN ISLAND!

MONTHS AND YEARS WENT BY... LESS UNPLEASANTLY NOW, FOR PETER HAD A COMPANION TO HELP HIM EKE OUT A HARD EXISTENCE AND WHILE AWAY THE UNHAPPY DAYS...



THEN, AT LONG LAST, THEY SPIED A SHIP...



A SHIP! A SHIP!
THEY MUST SEE
US! THEY MUST!

OH, IF ONLY THEY
CAN SEE THE SMOKE
FROM OUR FIRE!

**THE CASTAWAYS WERE SEEN FROM THE SHIP...
AND SOON A BOAT WAS ON ITS WAY...**



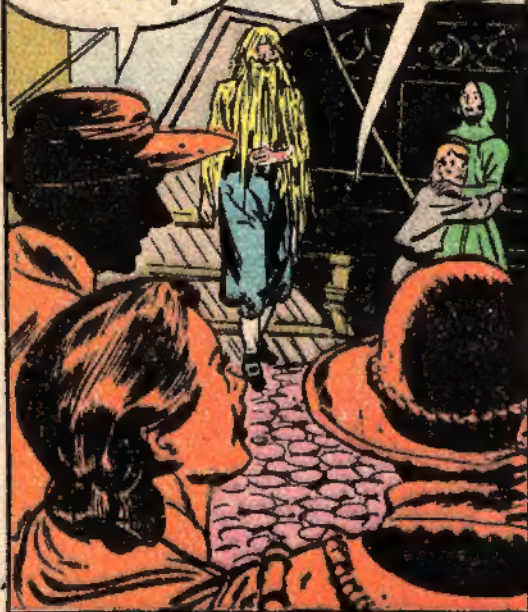
TURN THE BOAT
AROUND! THESE
ARE NOT MEN --
THEY'RE DEVILS!

NO! WAIT! HAVE MERCY!
WE ARE MEN... GOOD
CHRISTIANS LIKE
YOURSELVES!

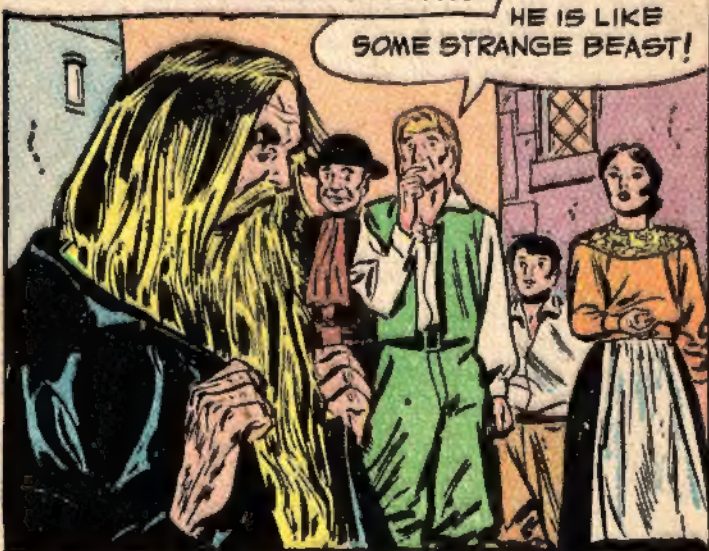
REASSURED
AT LAST,
THE SAILORS
TOOK THE
WRETCHED
CASTAWAYS
INTO THEIR
BOAT AND
BACK TO
THE SHIP!
PETER
SERRANO'S
COMPANION
DIED ON
THE RETURN
VOYAGE
TO SPAIN,
BUT PETER
LIVED TO
BRING BACK
THE TALE
OF HIS
STRANGE
ADVENTURES.

WHAT MANNER
OF CREATURE
IS THIS?

HE'S A CASTAWAY
JUST RESCUED!



PETER KEPT HIS LONG HAIR AND BEARD AS
EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL HE
HAD EXPERIENCED, AND PEOPLE FROM FAR
AND WIDE CAME TO SEE THE MAN WHO
LOOKED LIKE A MONSTER...



HE IS LIKE
SOME STRANGE BEAST!

UNTIL AT LAST, A MONARCH OF THE TIME SAW HIM...

PETER SERRANO, YOU MUST HAVE SUFFERED IN-
DEED TO HAVE COME TO THE STATE YOU ARE IN!
I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT YOU LIVE OUT YOUR DAYS
IN COMFORT AND SECURITY! YOU SHALL HAVE
FOUR THOUSAND PIECES OF EIGHT EACH YEAR
UNTIL YOUR
DEATH!

THANK YOU, SIRE!



THUS DID
PETER
SPEND THE
REST OF
HIS LIFE
IN PEACE
AND
PLENTY...
BUT EVEN
MANY
YEARS
AFTER HIS
RESCUE
FROM THE
ISLAND,
THE MEM-
ORY OF
THE
TERRIBLE
YEARS HE
HAD SPENT
THERE
WOULD RE-
TURN TO
HAUNT HIM!



HOP FROG by

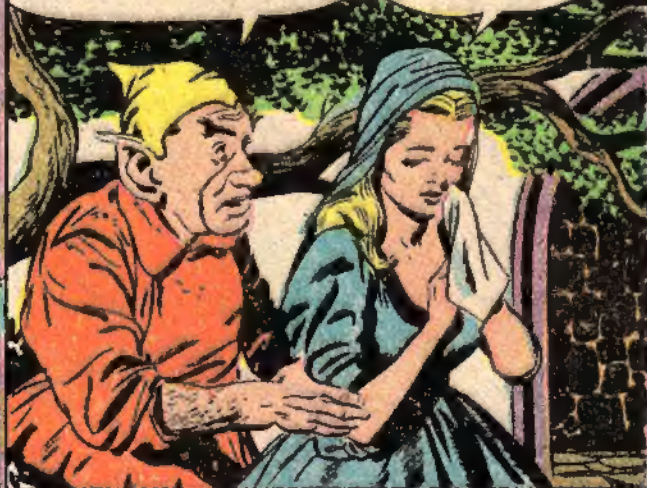
EDGAR ALLAN POE

NO ONE EVER TOLD A MACABRE STORY BETTER THAN EDGAR ALLAN POE. HERE IS THE WIZARD OF THE WEIRD TALE AT HIS HORRIFYING BEST WITH HIS STORY OF A DWARF'S LOVE ... AND A DWARF'S REVENGE!

CENTURIES AGO, HOP FROG, THE DWARF, AND TRIPETTA, A TINY BUT BEAUTIFUL CREATURE, WERE CAPTURED AND TAKEN AS SLAVES TO THE COURT OF A FOREIGN COUNTRY. CRUELLY TREATED, THEY HAD NO FRIENDS BUT EACH OTHER.

YOU'VE BEEN CRYING, TRIPETTA, MY DARLING! HAVE THE KING AND QUEEN ABUSED YOU AGAIN?

IT'S NOTHING, HOP FROG! THEY TREAT YOU EVEN WORSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HOP FROG AND TRIPETTA WERE SUMMONED TO THE THRONE ROOM...

FIRST, HOP FROG, YOU UGLY RASCAL, DRINK THIS CHALICE TO THE DREGS! DRINK!

NO, YOUR MAJESTY!
NO!



STOP!
STOP!

MERCY,
HOP FROG,
MERCY!

HE'S
BURNING
THEM TO
DEATH!





TO SAVE HIS SWEETHEART, TRIPETTA, FROM FURTHER HUMILIATION, HOP FROG DRAINED HIS BUMPER OF WINE AT A GULP. BUT THIS TIME, THE WINE, INSTEAD OF MAKING HIM ILL, INSPIRED HIS MIND WITH PLANS FOR VENGEANCE!



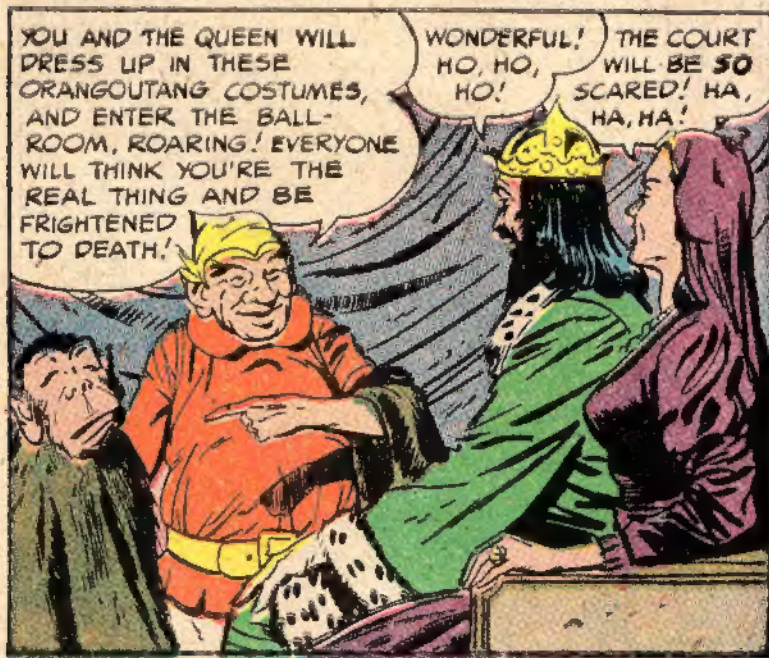
NOW HEAR THIS, YOU MISERABLE DWARF! THE QUEEN AND I WANT TO HOLD A PALACE FESTIVAL...AND WE WANT YOU TO PROVIDE AN AMUSING IDEA FOR IT... YOU'RE GOOD AT SUCH THINGS! COME NOW, MONSTER --AN INSPIRATION!



I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA, YOUR MAJESTY! GOOD! LET'S HEAR IT, YOU APE!



HOP FROG HAD HIS PLAN READY WITHIN A FEW MINUTES.



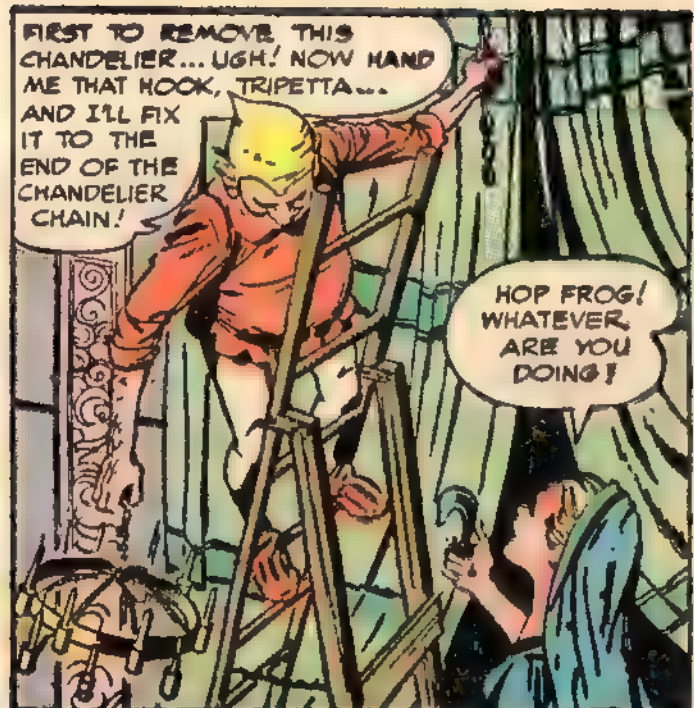
TO MAKE IT EVEN MORE REAL, YOU'LL BE CHAINED TOGETHER! THIS IS CAPITOL! HOP FROG, YOU'RE A GENIUS! HA, HA! YES, AN UGLY GENIUS! HO, HO!





THEY SWALLOWED MY SCHEME, TRIPETTA! NOW, IF YOU'LL HELP ME, WE SHALL BE AVENGED!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, HOP FROG! WHAT SCHEME!



FIRST TO REMOVE THIS CHANDELIER... UGH! NOW HAND ME THAT HOOK, TRIPETTA... AND I'LL FIX IT TO THE END OF THE CHANDELIER CHAIN!

HOP FROG! WHATEVER, ARE YOU DOING!



ATTACHED TO THE CHANDELIER CHAIN IS THIS WINDLASS, TRIPETTA, WHICH YOU WILL WORK THE NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL! SEE HOW EASILY IT WORKS?

YES, YES! I KNOW THAT I CAN DO IT WHEN THE TIME COMES!

THE BIG NIGHT FINALLY ARRIVED AND HOP FROG AND TRIPETTA WERE READY...



THE FESTIVAL STARTS IN AN HOUR, TRIPETTA! DO YOU KNOW YOUR PART WELL?

PERFECTLY, HOP FROG! PERFECTLY!



WHAT'S THAT HOOK FOR, HOP FROG? IT'S IN THE WAY OF THE DANCERS!

THE KING WISHES IT SO, COURTIER!



EEEE! ORANGOU-TANGS! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE ROYAL ZOO!

GR-R-R-R-R!

I FEAR YOU NOT, ORANGOU-TANGS! I, HOP FROG THE GREAT, SHALL CAPTURE YOU SINGLE-HANDED!



THERE, I HAVE CAPTURED YOU!

HOP FROG THE DWARF IS FEARLESS!

DON'T BE A FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT IT'S JUST ONE OF THE KING'S JOKES?

GRRR R-R-



WIND THESE WILD BEASTS UP! AT ONCE!

GR-R-R-R-R-

SLOWLY, THE CHAIN ASCENDS TOWARD THE CEILING, CARRYING ITS ODD TRIO OF PASSENGERS...



HA, HA! THEY'RE SCARED HALF TO DEATH!

HO, HO! LOOK AT THE EXPRESSIONS ON THE COURTIER'S FACES!



HA, HA! WHAT A WONDERFUL JAPE! LEAVE IT TO THE KING TO THINK OF SOMETHING REALLY AMUSING! HA, HA, HA!



THAT'S ENOUGH, HOP FROG! THE JEST IS ENDED! PUT US DOWN! AT ONCE!

NOT QUITE YET, YOUR MAJESTIES!



FIRST, I HAVE A FEW WORDS TO ADDRESS TO THIS NOBLE GATHERING! AND THEN, I PROMISE YOU AN EVEN WITTIER ENTERTAINMENT!

HOORAY FOR HOP FROG... THE ORANGOUTANG TRAINER!

ENOUGH!

PUT US DOWN!



PUT US DOWN, I SAY! I AM THE KING!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT, HONORED GUESTS! HEARING THESE TWO BUFFOONS CLAIM THAT THEY ARE THE KING AND QUEEN IS SURELY THE RICHEST ELEMENT OF OUR JAPE! BUT I HAVE A BIT OF HUMOR FOR YOU THAT WILL SURPASS EVEN THAT! DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS?



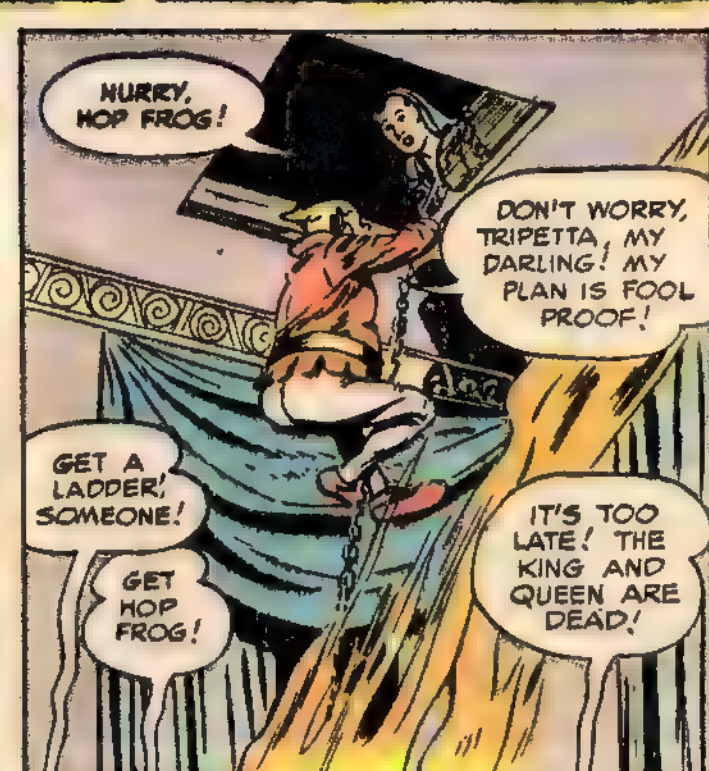
YES! YES! SHOW US SOME MORE FUN, HOP FROG!



HELP!

STOP HIM! SAVE US!

IT REALLY IS THE KING! ... AND THE QUEEN!



HURRY, HOP FROG!

GET A LADDER! SOMEONE!

GET HOP FROG!

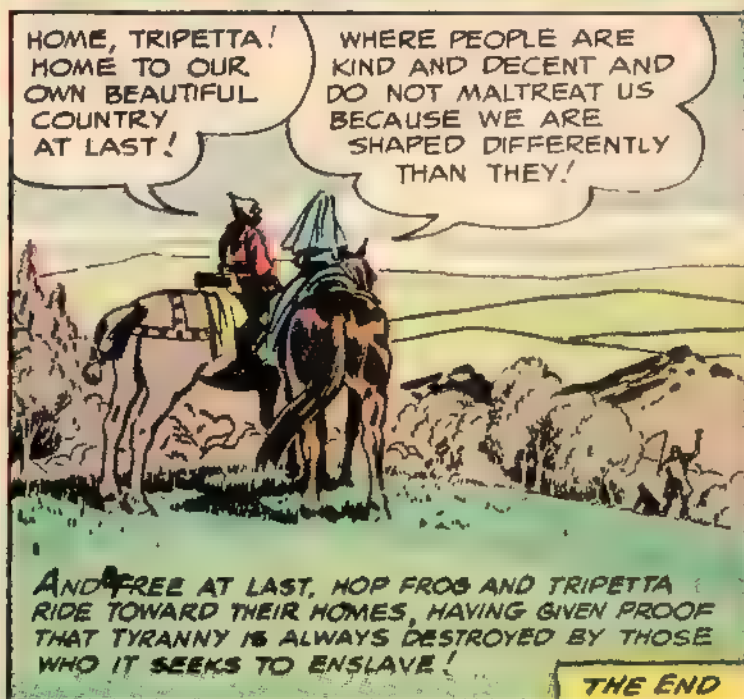
DON'T WORRY, TRIPETTA, MY DARLING! MY PLAN IS FOOL PROOF!

IT'S TOO LATE! THE KING AND QUEEN ARE DEAD!



NOW, QUICKLY! THROUGH THAT TURRET, DOWN THE LADDER AND TO THE COURTYARD!

HOP FROG, MY HERO! THEY BURNED SO VERY BRIGHTLY!



EVERYBODY KNOWS ALBERT SMALL. HE'S A LITTLE, INEFFECTUAL FELLOW, WHOSE OBSEQUIOUS SMILE HIDES THE FLAME OF HATE, BURNING DEEP INSIDE HIM. AND IF HIS TWO MISERLY AUNTS HAD OBLIGED HIM BY DYING AND LEAVING THE FORTUNE HE FELT ENTITLED TO, AND IF ALBERT'S LIFE-LONG FIXATION ON THE NUMBER SIX HAD NOT GOTTEN OUT OF HAND... BUT THAT'S THE SUBSTANCE OF THE UNBELIEVABLE STORY OF...

THE MOUSE



EVERY MORNING, FOR NINETEEN YEARS, FOUR MONTHS AND THREE DAYS, ALBERT SMALL HAD AWAKENED AT SIX A.M. BUT THIS MORNING...

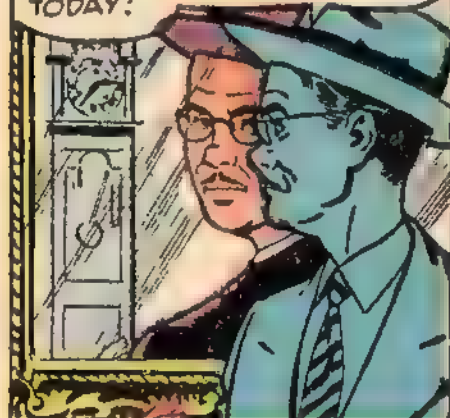
UH--WHA!--GOOD HEAVENS! SEVEN O'CLOCK! HOW DID I--? OH, GOOD HEAVENS!



--MISS MY BUS-- BEEN THE FIRST ONE IN THE OFFICE ALL THESE YEARS! WHAT WILL MR. PRATT SAY?

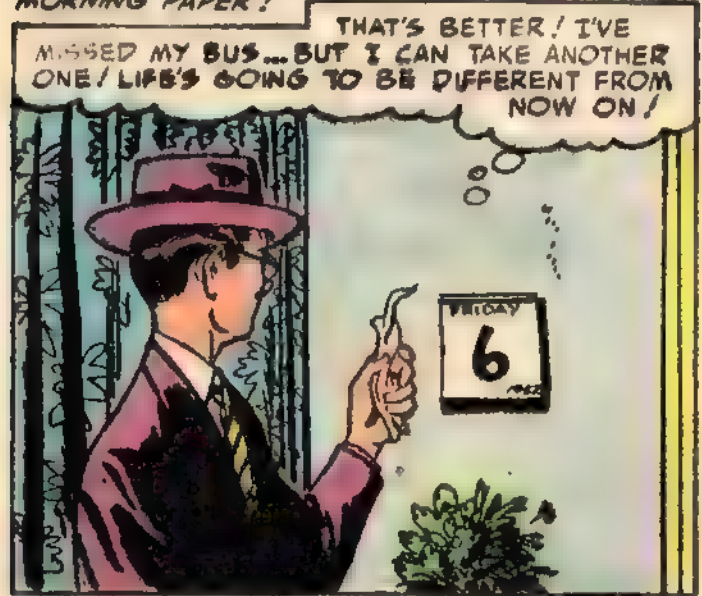


NO--BY GOLLY, WHAT'S THE HURRY? ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN SCURRYING LIKE A TIMOROUS MOUSE! THAT UGLY OLD CLOCK HAS BEEN MY MASTER FOR TOO LONG! NO MORE--DO YOU HEAR? I'M TAKING OVER TODAY!



IT WAS DIFFICULT TO BREAK A HABIT OF ALMOST TWENTY YEARS, BUT ALBERT FORCED HIMSELF TO EAT A LEISURELY BREAKFAST AND READ THE MORNING PAPER!

THAT'S BETTER! I'VE MISSED MY BUS... BUT I CAN TAKE ANOTHER ONE! LIFE'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON!

A man in a brown suit and hat stands outside, looking at a bus stop sign that says "FRIDAY 6". He is holding a small object in his hand.

DUM TUM DE DUM! NUMBER SEVENTEEN, EH? THAT'S A PLEASANT CHANGE! NO REASON FOR ME TO HAVE RIDDEN NUMBER SIX FOR ALL THESE YEARS! THINK I'LL TRY NUMBER FOURTEEN TOMORROW... PROBABLY EVERY BIT AS EFFICIENT AS NUMBER SIX!



NICE TO SEE SOME NEW FACES! CERTAINLY WILL SURPRISE MR. PRATT TO SEE ME ARRIVE AFTER THE OTHERS FOR A CHANGE! THIS IS REALLY RATHER EXCITING!

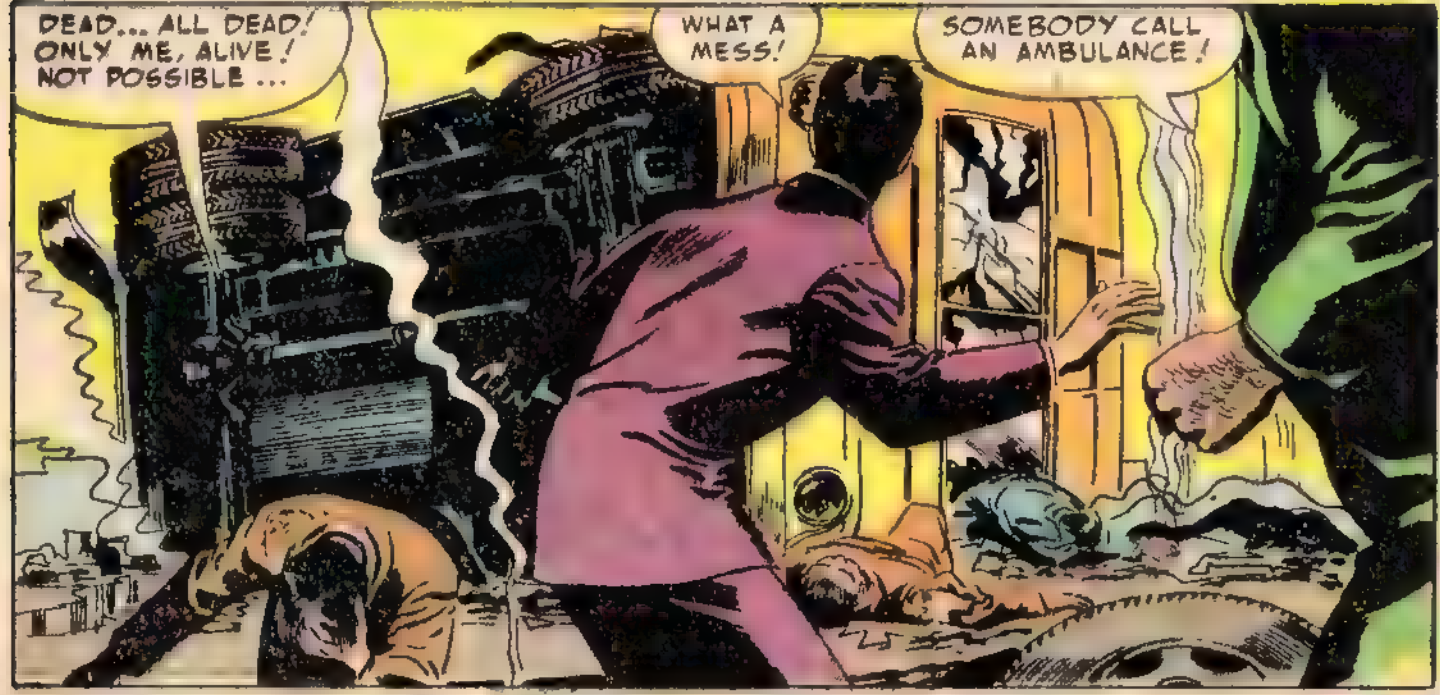


BUT SUDDENLY ALBERT WAS SHOCKED OUT OF HIS PLEASANT REVERIE! AMID THE EAR-SPLITTING SCREECH OF BRAKES, HE FELT HIMSELF CATA-PULTED THROUGH SPACE... AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

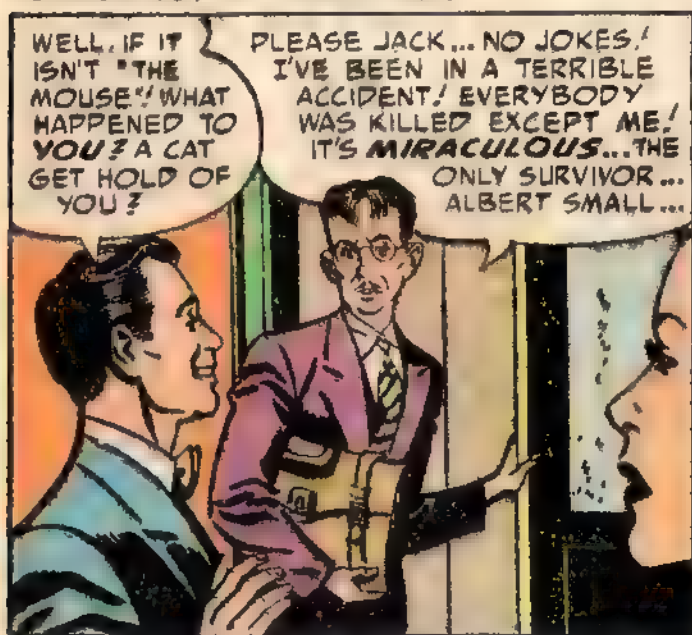
HELP! CRASH! OUT OF CONTROL!

A man in a brown suit and hat is shown falling out of a bus. The bus is tilted, and the man is in mid-air. The words "HELP!", "CRASH!", and "OUT OF CONTROL!" are written in speech bubbles.

DEAD... ALL DEAD! ONLY ME, ALIVE! NOT POSSIBLE... WHAT A MESS! SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!

A man in a brown suit and hat lies on the ground, surrounded by wreckage. The words "DEAD... ALL DEAD! ONLY ME, ALIVE! NOT POSSIBLE...", "WHAT A MESS!", and "SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!" are written in speech bubbles.

DAZED AND SHAKEN, ALBERT GRAVITATED LIKE A HOMING PIGEON TO THE OFFICE OF PRATT ASSOCIATES, HIS EMPLOYERS!

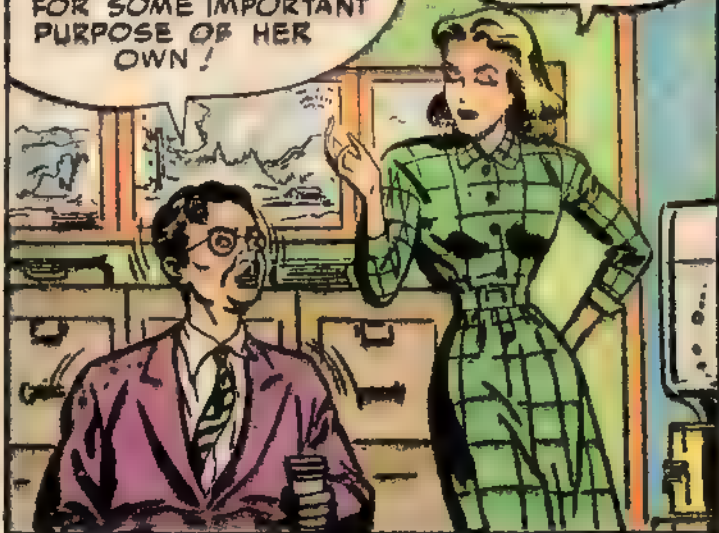


WELL, IF IT ISN'T "THE MOUSE"! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? A CAT GET HOLD OF YOU?

PLEASE JACK... NO JOKES! I'VE BEEN IN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT! EVERYBODY WAS KILLED EXCEPT ME! IT'S **MIRACULOUS**...THE ONLY SURVIVOR... ALBERT SMALL...

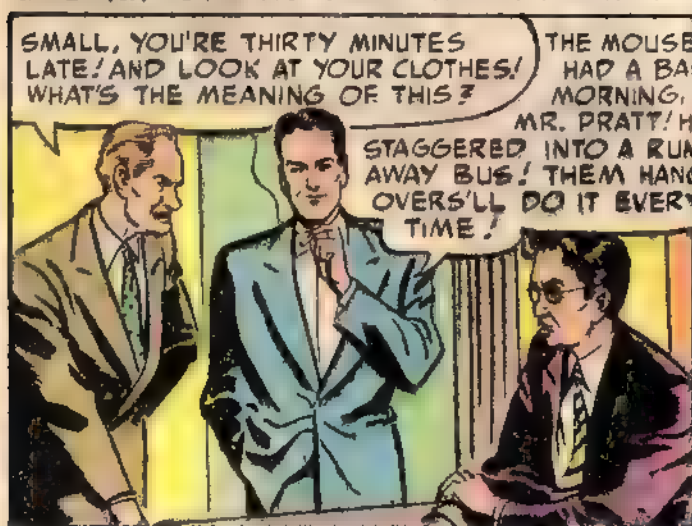
YOU SEE IT, JANIE, DON'T YOU? THE MIRACLE OF MY BEING SAVED, WHEN ALL THOSE OTHERS WERE KILLED? IT'S AS IF FATE WERE PRESERVING ME FOR SOME IMPORTANT PURPOSE OF HER OWN!

GEE, ALBIE, YOU BETTER STOP THINKIN' ABOUT IT, OR YOU'LL REALLY START **BELIEVIN'** THAT STUFF!



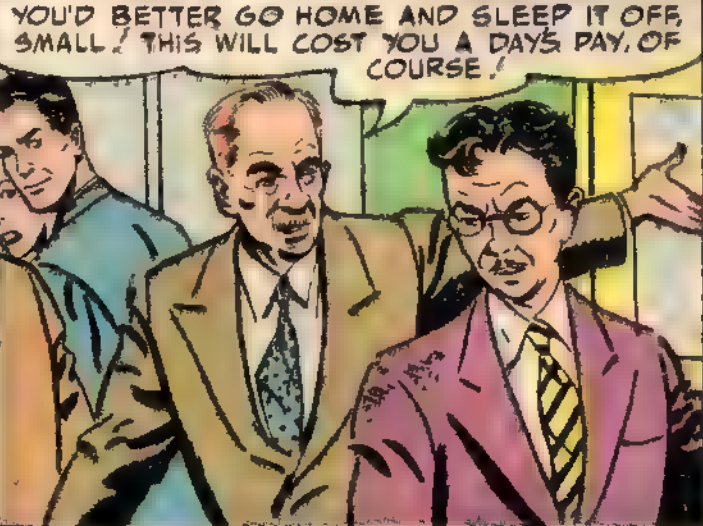
ALBERT HAD NEVER UNDERSTOOD JANIE'S INTEREST IN JACK! PERSONALLY, ALBERT HAD ALWAYS HATED THE UNCOUTH, EVIL JOKESTER AND IT MADE HIM WINCE TO HEAR HER JOIN IN THE RIDICULE, HOWEVER KINDLY IT WAS MEANT!

ALBERT WONDERED WHETHER A DAY OF RECKONING EVER CAME TO SUCH VERMIN AS THESE! IF SO, SANCTIMONIOUS, MISERLY PRATT SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO GO!

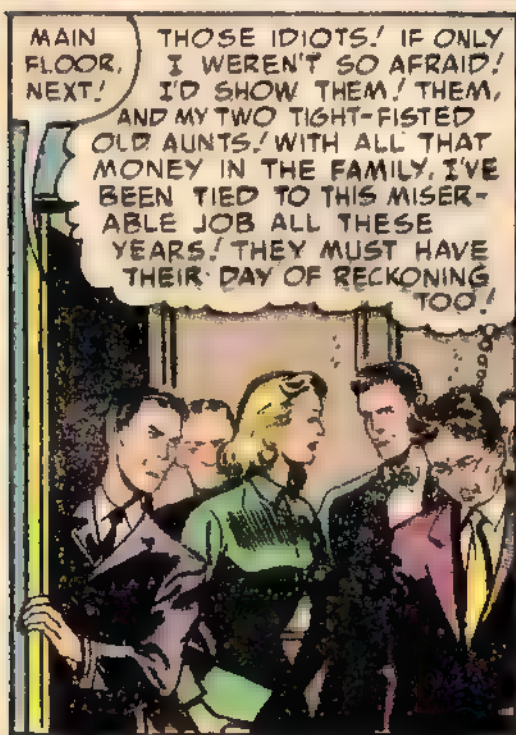


SMALL, YOU'RE THIRTY MINUTES LATE! AND LOOK AT YOUR CLOTHES! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

THE MOUSE HAD A BAD MORNING, MR. PRATT! HE STAGGERED INTO A RUN-AWAY BUS! THEM HANG-OVERS'LL DO IT EVERY TIME!

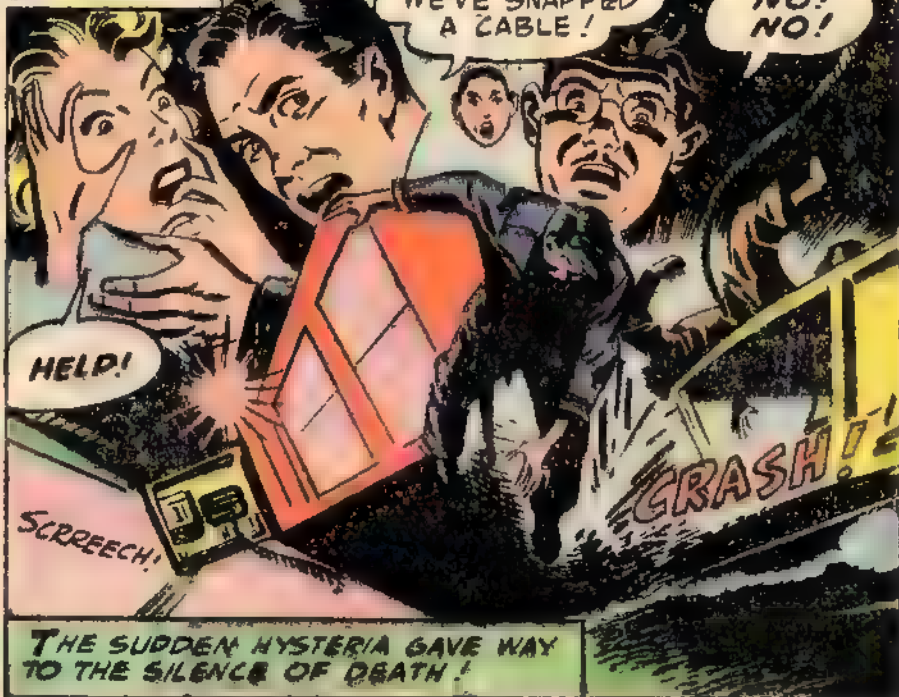


YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF, SMALL! THIS WILL COST YOU A DAYS PAY, OF COURSE!



MAIN FLOOR, NEXT! THOSE IDIOTS! IF ONLY I WEREN'T SO AFRAID! I'D SHOW THEM! THEM, AND MY TWO TIGHT-FISTED OLD AUNTS, WITH ALL THAT MONEY IN THE FAMILY, I'VE BEEN TIED TO THIS MISERABLE JOB ALL THESE YEARS! THEY MUST HAVE THEIR DAY OF RECKONING TOO!

SUDDENLY...



WE'VE SNAPPED A CABLE!

NO! NO!

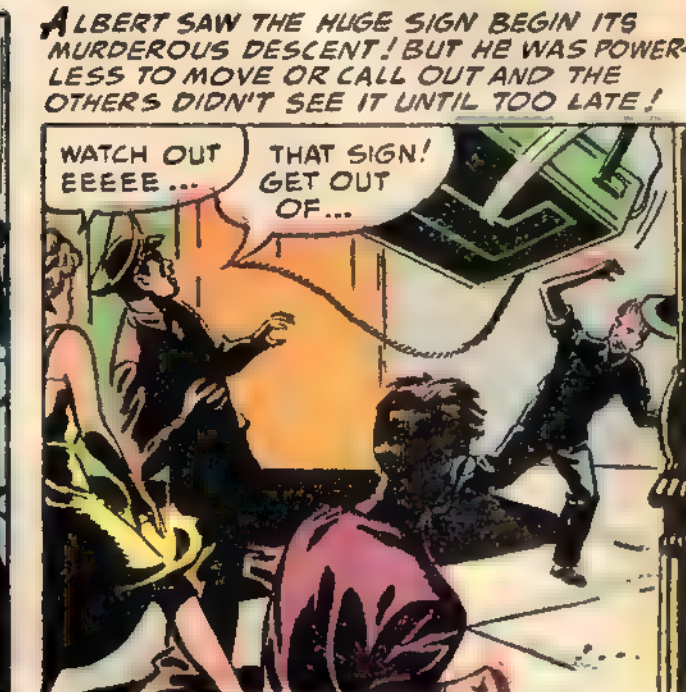
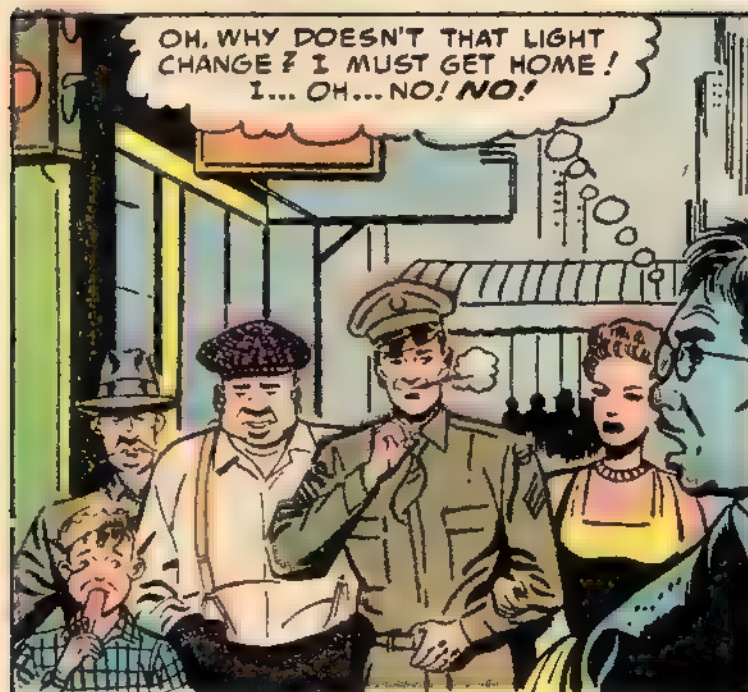
HELP!

SCREECH!

CRASH!

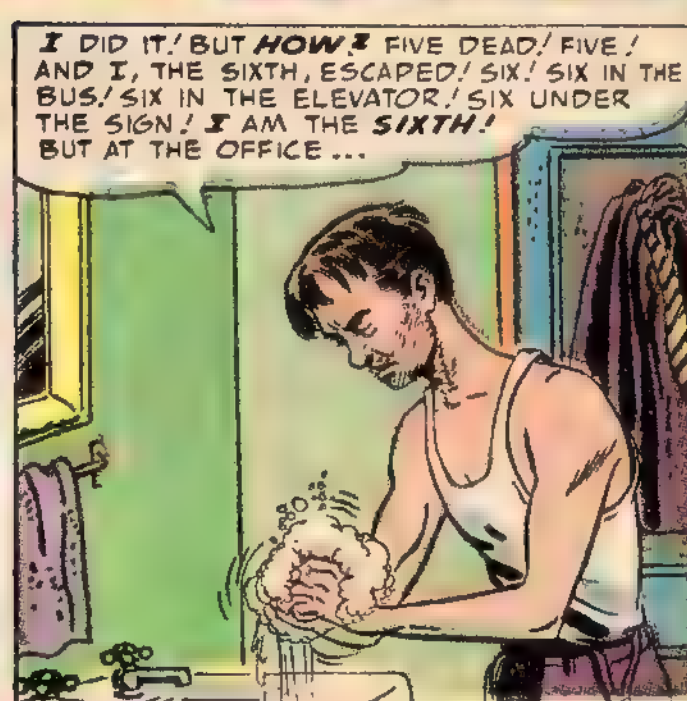
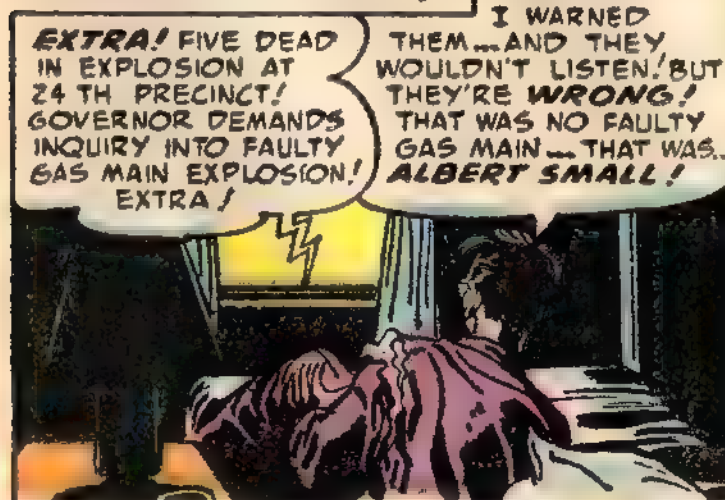
THE SUDDEN HYSTERIA GAVE WAY TO THE SILENCE OF DEATH!

AT GROUND LEVEL, AN EMERGENCY CREW WENT RIGHT TO WORK. AND AFTER AN INTERMINABLE WAIT!





IN A STATE OF MENTAL SHOCK, ALBERT SOME-HOW MANAGED TO REACH HOME! HE THREW HIMSELF ON THE BED AND WENT OFF INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP, PUNCTUATED WITH NIGHTMARES ABOUT THE DIABOLICAL GAME FATE WAS PLAYING WITH HIM! HE WOKE TO THE CRY OF A NEWSBOY ON THE STREET!



YES, AT THE OFFICE, I WAS ONLY THE **FIFTH!** THAT'S WHY NOTHING HAPPENED THERE! IF ONLY THERE HAD BEEN **ONE MORE!** JACK SKRALE... MR. PRATT... JANE... NO, NOT JANE! BUT WHY NOT? SHE LAUGHED AT ME! THEY ALWAYS LAUGH!

BUT NOW I CAN LAUGH... BECAUSE I HOLD LIFE AND DEATH IN MY HAND! I, **ALBERT SMALL!** I CAN KILL THEM **ALL!** JACK SKRALE, MR. PRATT, JANE... BUT I MUST HAVE **TWO MORE!** TWO... TWO STINGY OLD LADIES WHOSE FORTUNE WILL COME TO ME! AND **FIVE PLUS ME EQUALS... SIX!**

IN ALBERT'S HALF-MAD BRAIN, A MONSTROUS PLAN TOOK SHAPE! DINNER FOR SIX... AT SIX! OF COURSE! ONLY HE WOULD BE LEFT TO DINE ALONE! HE TELEPHONED HIS FIVE INTENDED VICTIMS!

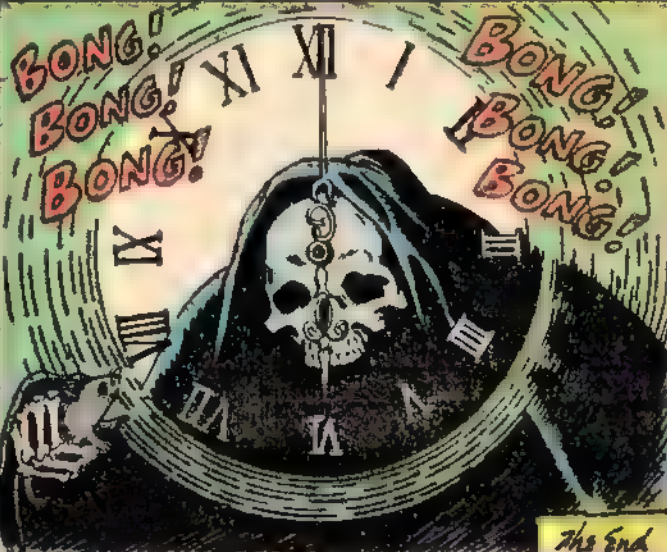
... NEVER MIND, WHY, SKRALE! BE HERE AT SIX O'CLOCK... AND I PROMISE YOU A NIGHT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

THE SCENE SET, ALBERT WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR THE CLOCK TO STRIKE SIX! AT ONE MINUTE BEFORE THE HOUR, THE DOOR-BELL RANG!

THEY'RE HERE! PREPARE YOURSELVES, MY FRIENDS! **DEATH IS ON THE MENU FOR TONIGHT!** HA, HA, HA!

COMING! DON'T BE IMPATIENT! I'M COMING! I... THE RUG! I...

NO! NO! EEEAH! OOOOHHH!



The End

AND SO CAPRICIOUS DEATH CLAIMS HER MESSENGER! AND NO ONE WILL EVER REALLY KNOW WHAT ALBERT SMALL HAD PLANNED FOR THAT LAST DINNER... OR WILL THEY?

PARADE OF THE DEAD

By seven o'clock at night the temperature had dropped to forty-eight degrees below zero. A dense blanket of clouds hovered over the area, blacking out the stars. The sentries moved like zombies along the snow fences.

It was impossible to see through the small windows in the quonset huts. Fires roared in the stoves while enlisted men and non-coms peered listlessly from their down-quilted bunks.

Operations at the base were practically at a standstill. But the night was not silent. At odd intervals came the rumbling from beneath the snow and ice as contraction caused by the sub-zero plunge tore huge cracks in the ice pan. And across the frozen tundra to the southward came the eerie yap of white foxes and the blood-chilling howl of arctic wolves.

Major Paul Benoit rubbed a hand across the frosted window pane until there was a clear spot through which he could look out. There was a contemptuous look in his smoke-gray eyes, a sneer on his thick, sensual lips as he peered through the glass.

"You and your primitive superstitions!" Benoit snorted. "Not even the dead would venture from their graves on a night like this. Sip another cup of tea and crawl into bed."

The eskimo maiden shrunk deeper into her sealskin parka, mumbling a weird chant. She had not accepted the major's hospitality willingly. She would have preferred to have trekked westward along the snowbound peninsula to the Aleutian village. The major was holding her for violation of the military security regulations. A portable shortwave radio had been found in her pack, and she had refused to disclose how it had come into her possession.

The major had assumed responsibility for her safe-keeping. He spoke the Aleutian dialect but that had been no help in questioning her about the shortwave radio. All she would talk about was "the parade of the dead," a supernatural rite that was supposed to take place on the eve of the Ice Moon.

Benoit came back from the window and scowled at the eskimo girl. "If regulations allowed it, I'd give you a sound whipping," he growled at her. "Tonight is the eve of the Ice

Moon, but you can't see the moon or your dead ancestors parading through the snow."

The girl looked up at him with terror in her dark eyes. "The dead will come in the middle of the night. I beg you once more to let me go. I do not want to be here when the dead come marching."

"Let you go?" Benoit roared with laughter. "You couldn't make a mile before you froze solid. It's forty-eight degrees below."

The girl reached out to clutch at the major's arctic boots and suddenly tears burst from her eyes. "I am not afraid to die of the cold. It is only my body that will die. My spirit will still live. But if I remain here, the marching dead will destroy both my body and spirit."

The major drew up a folding chair beside the squatting girl and smiled at her beguilingly. He would try gentler tactics instead. The girl might reveal how she happened to have the shortwave radio if he could keep her talking.

"I was mistaken about you," he said soothingly. "You have been trying to tell me the truth. But why do the dead parade across this spot on the eve of the Ice Moon?"

The girl stopped sobbing and lifted her face. "Many years ago a band of hunters from my village came here in search of food. Wolf packs had driven away or killed the reindeer. Women and children were starving. An old man told the hunters they would find seals here on the eve of the Ice Moon."

Benoit raised a hand, asked patiently: "How could there be seals in a place where there are no holes in the ice?"

"The old man told the hunters there was a volcano far beneath the ice. Once in every generation the volcano awoke from its sleep, carving many holes to be melted. The old man predicted that the holes would appear on the eve of the Ice Moon, but he warned the hunters not to approach the holes until after the middle of the night."

"They were hungry and could not wait," the girl went on. "The hunters were gathered together within a circle of the steaming holes when suddenly the ice beneath them sunk, the

sea rushed upward and the hunters were drawn by a powerful current beneath the surface."

The girl paused and looked across to the window. The imprint of Benoit's hand had frosted over but remained in outline. Suddenly the girl caught its grim significance and gasped. "Look! That upraised hand is a sign, warning us to flee! When the frost turns from white to icy blue it will be too late to flee from the parade of the dead!"

Around the edges of the outline the white frost was turning dark. It gave the major an uneasy feeling in spite of his disbelief in the Ice Moon legend.

"Why do those hunters who perished seek vengeance upon the living?" Benoit asked.

"Because this spot is their grave, and their spirits cannot rest in the presence of the living."

Major Benoit pressed his hand against the icy windowpane where he had done it before. It took almost a minute before his palm melted the frost so he could again peer outside.

He blinked several times to make sure his vision was not deceiving him. Beyond the camp area there were several vertical plumes of freezing mist. That could mean but one thing. In spite of the terrible, sub-zero cold, warm currents from below had melted holes in the ice!

Major Benoit sprang to his phone and pressed the button that would connect him with Lieutenant Cobb, the O.D. Cobb answered with a brisk "Yes, sir!" from the other end.

"Pot holes appearing in the ice!" Benoit announced in a quavering voice. "Send a squad to investigate immediately. As of this moment I am issuing a standby order for immediate evacuation if the danger increases!"

Benoit turned to the eskimo girl who was on her feet now. Terror no longer shone in her eyes, but in its place flamed murderous hatred. Her right hand was beneath the hem of her parka. At first glance Benoit thought she was scratching herself, but as her feet shifted to face him he realized his danger and sprang backward.

The eskimo girl was upon him in a flash, the skinning knife coming in a deadly arc toward his throat. Benoit caught the girl's neck in both hands. "You little beast!" he screamed. "That's the gratitude I get for not having searched you for a weapon!"

Suddenly the phone was buzzing. Benoit released his grip and the girl sank to the floor. He picked up the phone and asked Lieutenant Cobb what the trouble was.

"There seem to be five holes at the edge of the camp, Major. No immediate danger but they will bear watching. Sergeant Henry has discovered the reason why the eskimo girl tried to hide the radio set before we caught her. The chassis of the set had been removed, and the inside of the case is packed solidly with a dark, gummy substance the men think may be ambergris. That amount of the stuff could be worth several thousand dollars. She probably stole it in the Northwest settlement."

The major gave a grunt of satisfaction. "The little wolverine has been speling off a lot of superstition to get me to let her go." The major hung up without mentioning that the girl had attacked him.

She had not moved a muscle since she had fallen to the floor. As Benoit bent over her with his hands at his sides, her boots suddenly whipped upward and struck him full in the face. In a flash she had recovered the skinning knife. As the major struggled blindly to his knees, she plunged it into his back.

Then, like a marauding wolverine that had found a trapper's supply cache, she whirled to tear and smash everything within the hut. The phone buzzed, and she turned on it savagely. Deaf by her own fury, she did not catch the fateful words of Lieutenant Cobb before the wires snapped.

"The post is becoming surrounded by holes, Sir!" Cobb shrieked. "We must evacuate at once!"

In spite of the knife wound, Benoit regained his senses but didn't have the strength to rise. Then he heard the unbroken blast of the siren.

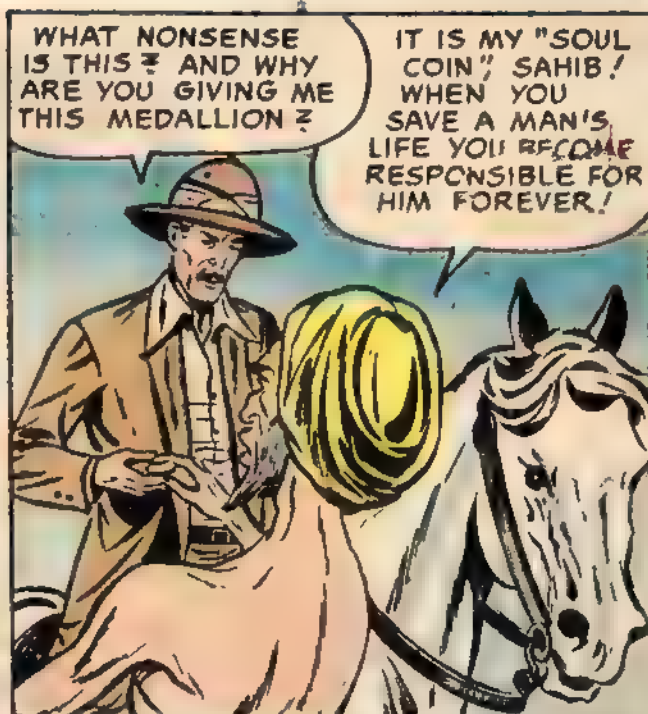
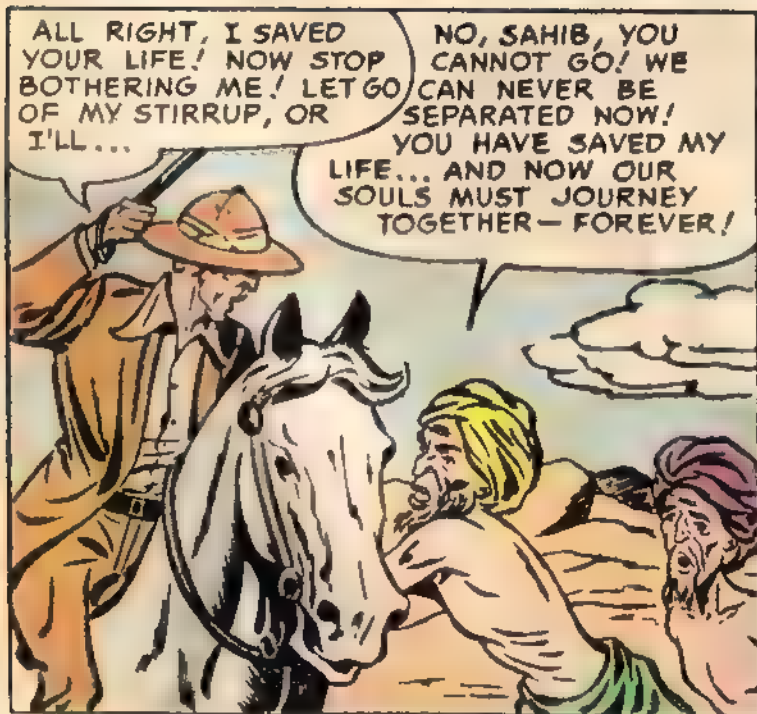
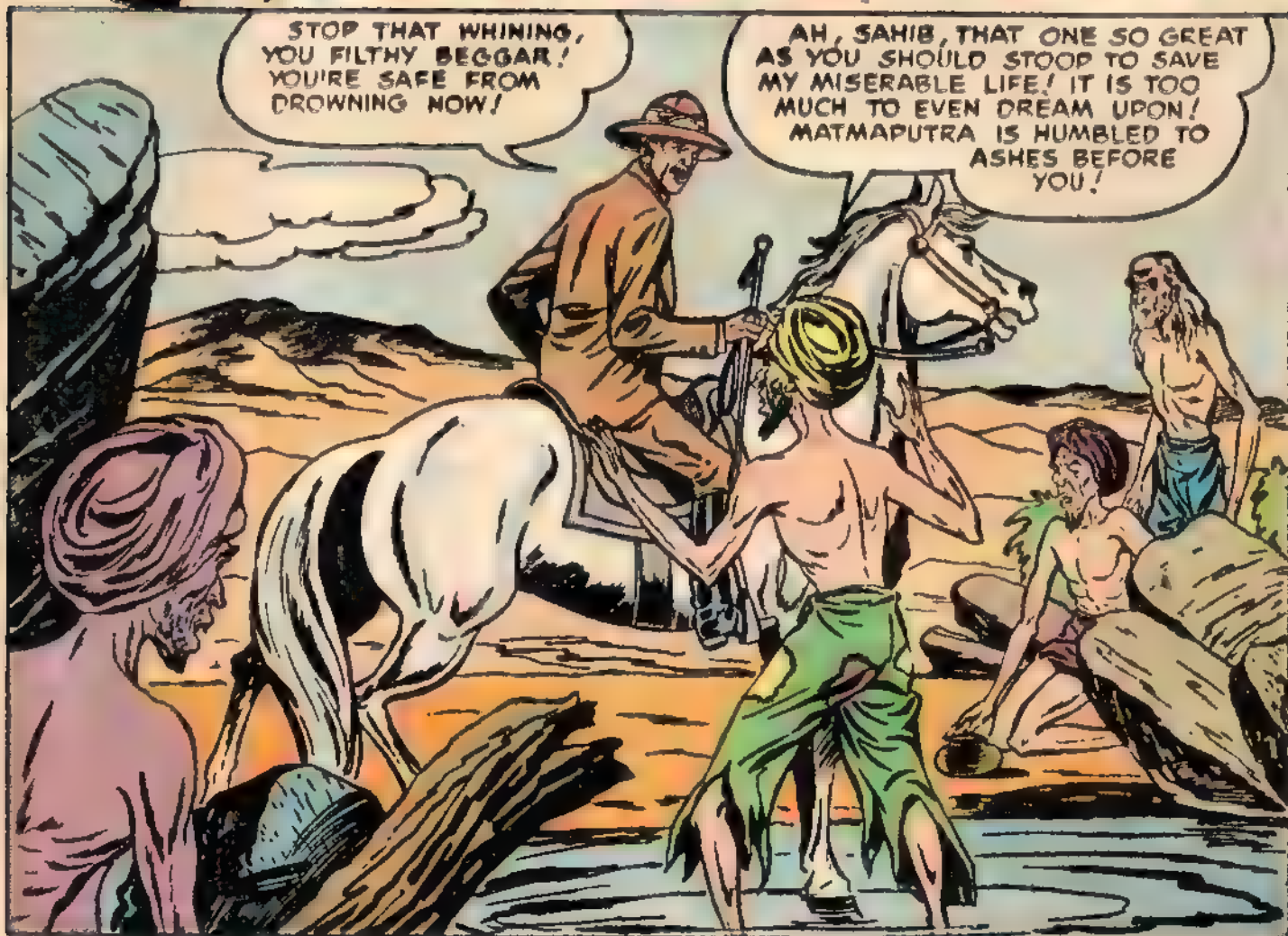
The girl heard it, too. She sprang to the thickly insulated door and flung it open. She did not see the hole just outside the threshold. She took two short steps and vanished downward!

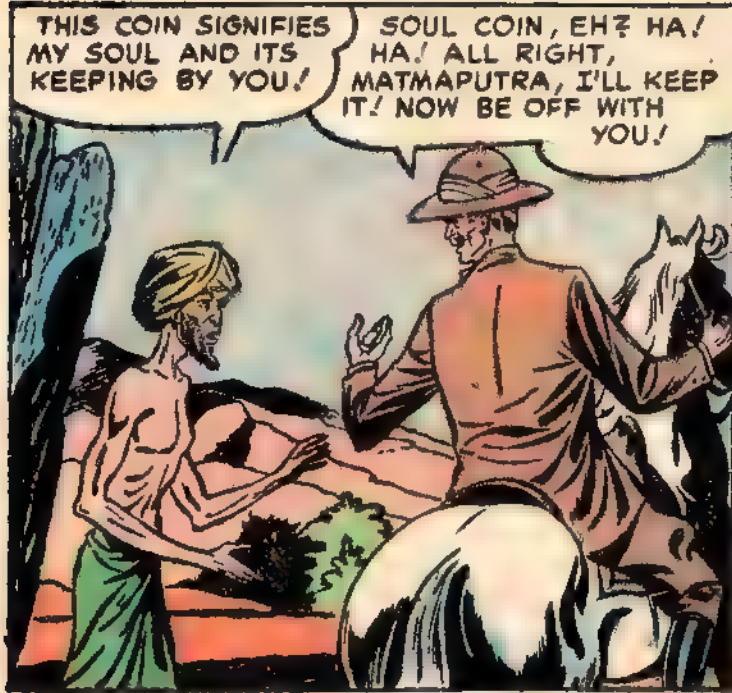
Benoit crawled to the door. He cried out weakly as he watched his men flee. Soon they were out of sight, but other figures had appeared. They numbered close to forty and wore sealskin suits and carried hunting spears. Their legs moved in perfect unison like a prize regiment on parade.

Major Benoit knew that he had been mortally wounded but it was not that fact which struck terror through his brain like a blinding thunderbolt. The eskimo legend was true! He was trapped, helpless to escape from the oncoming parade of the dead!

JEFFREY WILKES WAS A MAN MADE PROUD BY WEALTH AND POWER! AMONGST THE RABBLE OF INDIA'S HILL TRIBES, HE WALKED LIKE A GOD! UNTIL THE ONE FATEFUL DAY HE HUMBLD HIMSELF ENOUGH TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE...AND THEREBY LOST HIS OWN SOUL...

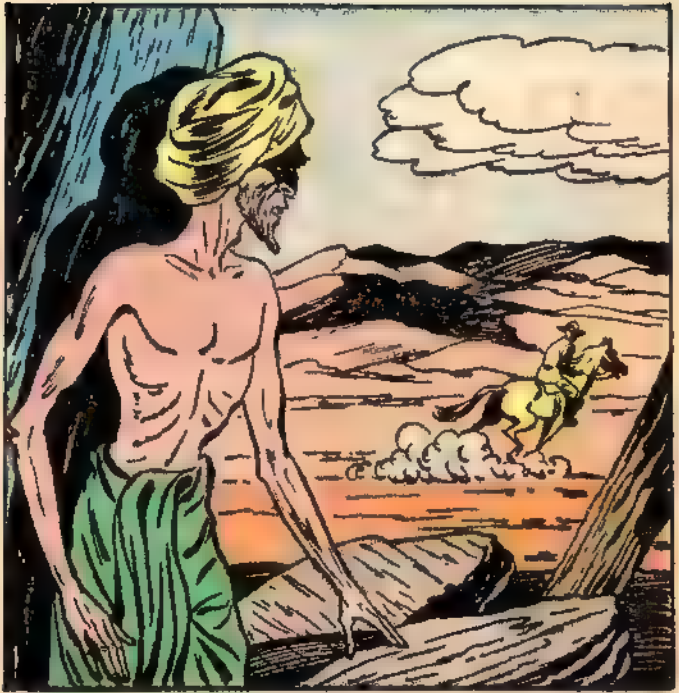
The MEDALLION





THIS COIN SIGNIFIES MY SOUL AND ITS KEEPING BY YOU!

SOUL COIN, EH? HA! HA! ALL RIGHT, MATMAPUTRA, I'LL KEEP IT! NOW BE OFF WITH YOU!

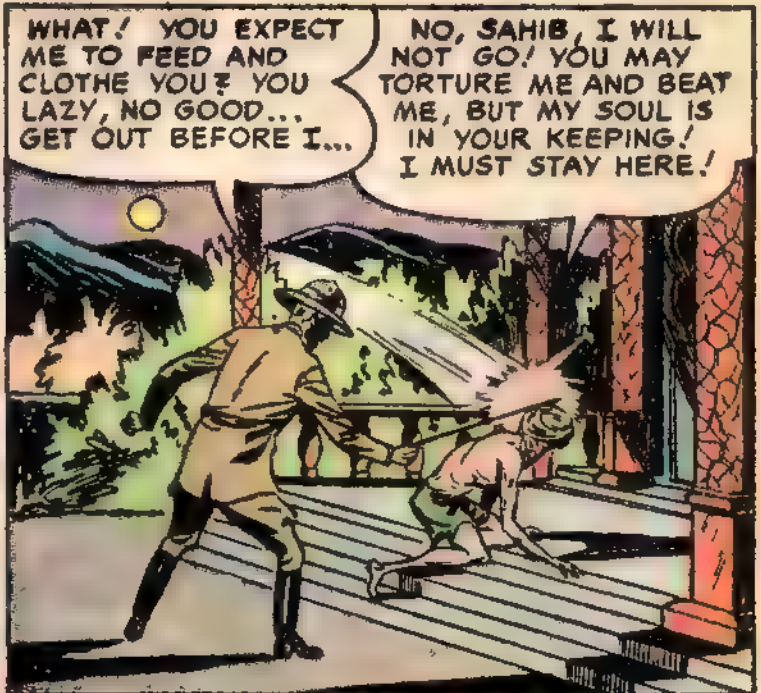


THAT EVENING, WHEN JEFFREY WILKES RETURNED HOME...



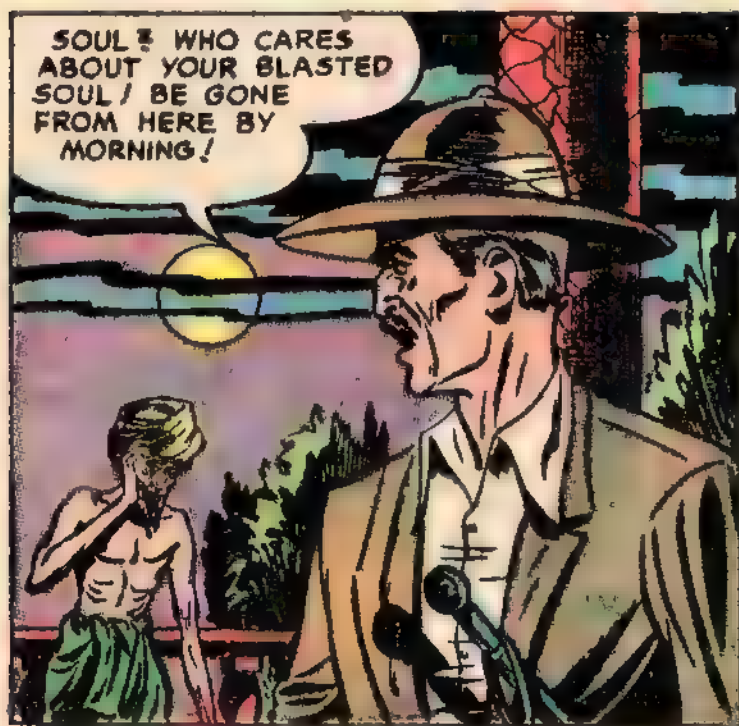
MATMAPUTRA!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY DOORSTEP?

I HAVE COME TO LIVE WITH YOU, SAHIB! YOU HAVE MY SOUL COIN AND I AM IN YOUR KEEPING!



WHAT! YOU EXPECT ME TO FEED AND CLOTHE YOU? YOU LAZY, NO GOOD... GET OUT BEFORE I...

NO, SAHIB, I WILL NOT GO! YOU MAY TORTURE ME AND BEAT ME, BUT MY SOUL IS IN YOUR KEEPING! I MUST STAY HERE!



SOUL? WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR BLASTED SOUL! BE GONE FROM HERE BY MORNING!

NEXT DAY...

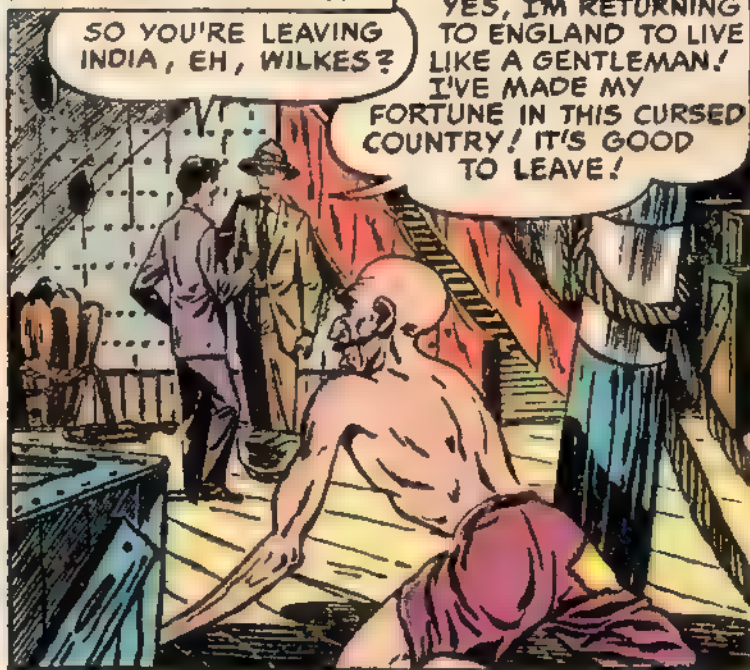


HE'S STILL THERE, THE FILTHY BEGGAR! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! AH, THE RIVER... IT WON'T BE CHEATED A SECOND TIME!

THAT NIGHT...



TWO WEEKS LATER...



SO YOU'RE LEAVING INDIA, EH, WILKES?

YES, I'M RETURNING TO ENGLAND TO LIVE LIKE A GENTLEMAN! I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE IN THIS CURSED COUNTRY! IT'S GOOD TO LEAVE!

ALMS, SAHIB! ALMS FOR ONE SO HUMBLE!

GET AWAY YOU... NO, WAIT! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU!



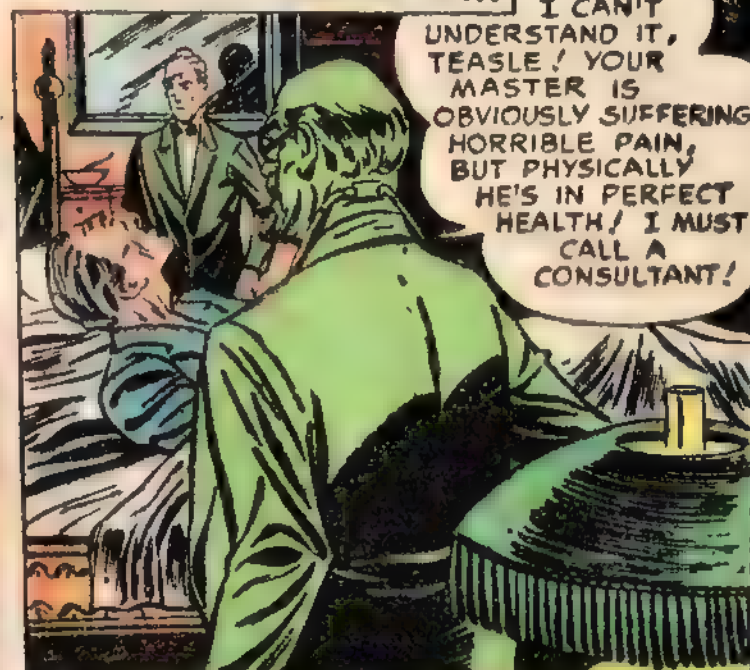
SO JEFFREY WILKES RETURNED TO ENGLAND'S GREEN COUNTRYSIDE TO LIVE IN LUXURY, BUT...

SIR, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

OOOOOAAAH! HELP ME, TEASLE! STOP THEM! THEY'RE TORTURING ME! THE DEVILS... OOOOAAAH!



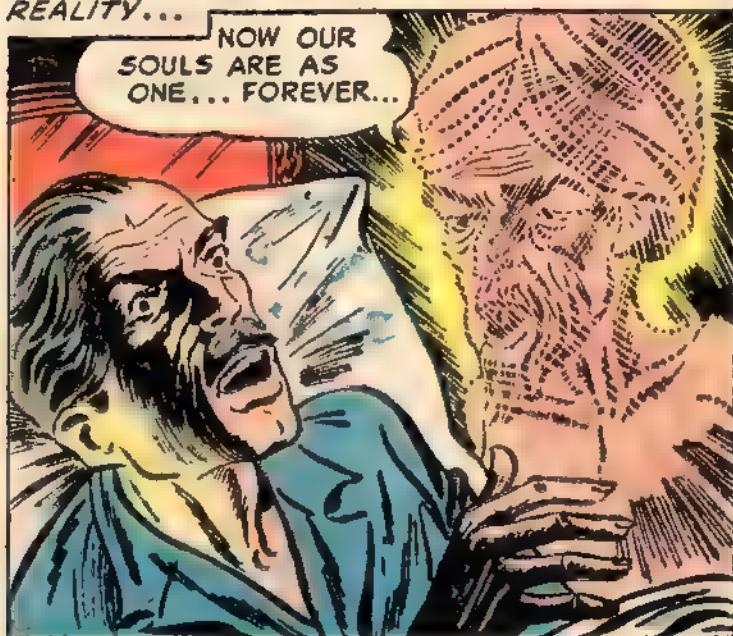
A DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, TEASLE! YOUR MASTER IS OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING HORRIBLE PAIN, BUT PHYSICALLY HE'S IN PERFECT HEALTH! I MUST CALL A CONSULTANT!

RACKED BY THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED, WILKES' FEVERISH MIND SOUGHT ITS OWN REALITY...

NOW OUR SOULS ARE AS ONE... FOREVER...



MATMAPUTRA... PERHAPS THERE WAS TRUTH IN ALL THAT NONSENSE... OOOOAAHH I MUST FIND OUT!



FOG AND BLACK NIGHT COVER THE DOCKS ALONG LONDON'S WATERFRONT. AND IN A SHABBY ROOM...

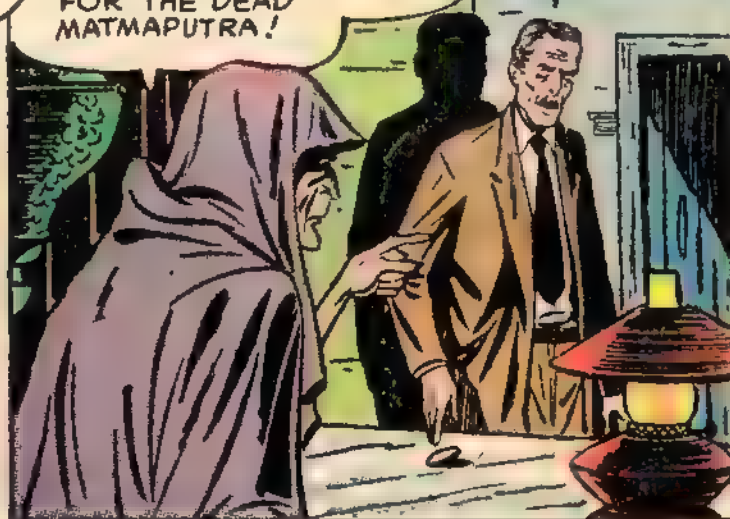
...AND THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED, SWAMI! YOU MUST HELP ME!

BECAUSE YOUR SOUL IS ONE WITH MATMAPUTRA'S, YOU ARE SUFFERING THE TORMENTS OF HELL FOR HIS SINS!



YOU MUST RETURN TO INDIA AND GET BACK THE SOUL COIN, THUS TAKING YOUR SPIRIT OUT OF HELL WHERE IT SUFFERS FOR THE DEAD MATMAPUTRA!

BACK TO INDIA? I... I'LL GO TONIGHT.



SO JEFFREY WILKES RETURNED TO INDIA, STILL PLAGUED BY THE TORTURES...

YOU THERE... BEGGAR... I GAVE YOU A MEDALLION HERE ONCE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?

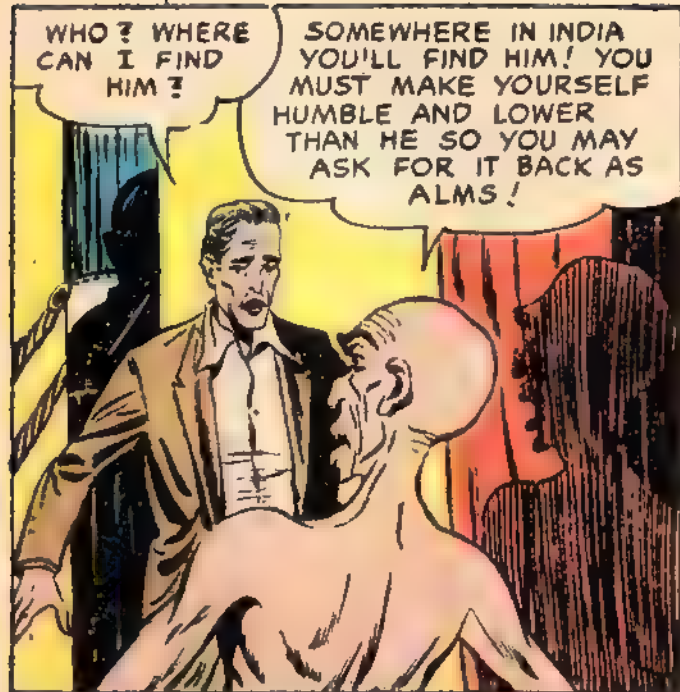
A SOUL COIN, SAHIB, WAS IT NOT?



YES, YES, WITH THE NAME MATMAPUTRA ON IT! I MUST HAVE IT BACK! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING!

ALAS, SAHIB, MONEY WILL NOT BUY IT BACK! I HAVE GIVEN IT TO ONE MORE HUMBLE AND DESPISED THAN MYSELF!





WHO? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA YOU'LL FIND HIM! YOU MUST MAKE YOURSELF HUMBLE AND LOWER THAN HE SO YOU MAY ASK FOR IT BACK AS ALMS!

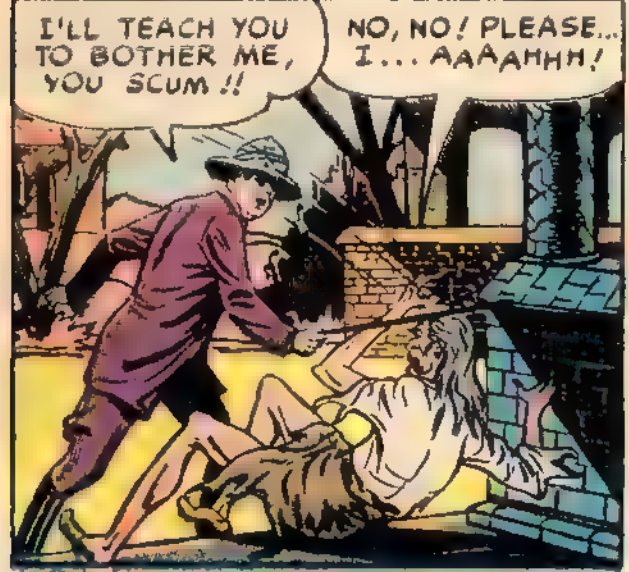


ONLY THEN WILL YOU GAIN RELEASE FROM YOUR TORMENT!

ANYTHING...I'LL DO... ANYTHING! AAAAH!

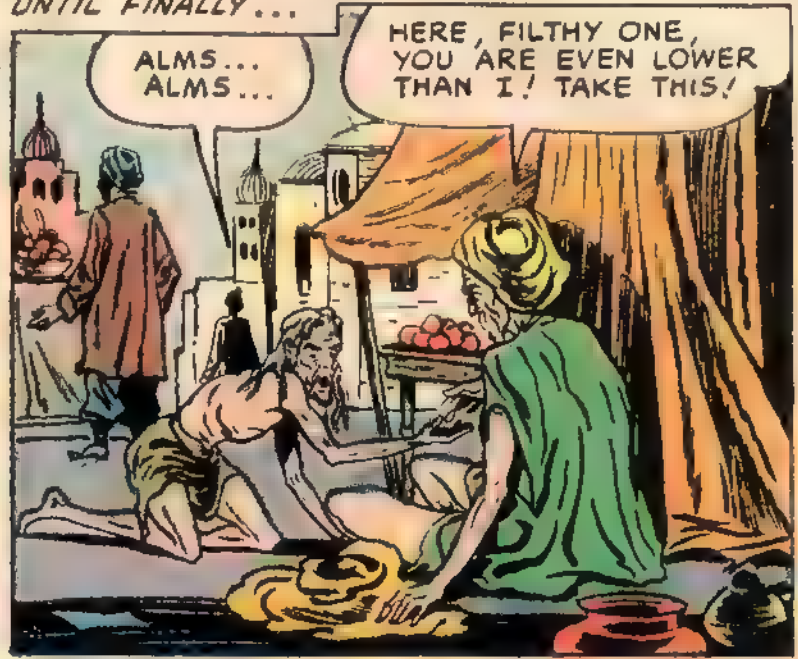
SO JEFFREY WILKES, A PROUD MAN WHO WALKED LIKE A GOD, BECAME THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, CRAWLING THROUGH INDIA ...BEGGING FOR ALMS...

TIME GOES BY LIKE THE GREAT SACRED RIVER... UNTIL FINALLY...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO BOTHER ME, YOU SCUM!!

NO, NO! PLEASE... I... AAAAHHH!



ALMS... ALMS...

HERE, FILTHY ONE, YOU ARE EVEN LOWER THAN I! TAKE THIS!



IT IS THE COIN ... AT LAST! THE TORMENT HAS CEASED! I AM FREE ... FREE ... AAAAAH!

WEAKENED BY TORTURE AND STARVATION, JEFFREY WILKES DIED! AND AS HIS RAGGED CORPSE IS THROWN ON THE FUNERAL PYRE ALONG WITH THE OTHER RAGDOLLS OF THE STREETS, A MEDALLION FALLS FROM HIS LIFELESS FINGERS, AND ON IT IS INSCRIBED A NAME ...



The End

ON THE SECOND LANDING OF A PRIVATE MIDTOWN HOME, A RARE ALBINO KING COBRA IS POISED EXPECTANTLY! ON THE LANDING BELOW, RIGOR MORTIS IS CLAIMING THE INERT BODY OF A YOUNG WOMAN! AND BEHIND THAT DOOR... BUT NO... UNRAVEL FOR YOURSELF THE FANTASTIC ENIGMA OF ...

The

JAWS OF DEATH



I---AM DYING! I HAVE BUT A--FEW SECONDS LEFT--AND SO MUCH TO TELL! TOMORROW--YOUR PAPERS WILL GIVE AN AMAZING ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF GORDON GRAHAM--BUT NOTHING IN THE PAPER WILL EVER APPROXIMATE THE HIDEOUSNESS OF THE TRUE STORY!



IT BEGAN SIX MONTHS AGO IN THE BLACK HEART OF THE BURMA JUNGLE! I WAS ON A ROUTINE ZOOLOGICAL FIELD TRIP. MY NATIVE BEARER, ALI, AND I HAD FINISHED AN AFTERNOON'S EXPLORATION AND WERE ON OUR WAY BACK TO CAMP!

THERE'S THE ENTRANCE AHEAD! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CAMP WITH THESE SPECIMENS, ALI! THE SUN WILL SET SOON!

YES, SAHIB!



A WHITE COBRA! STAY BACK, ALI!



IT'S THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ONE I'VE EVER SEEN! I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT FOR THE COLLECTION, ALI!

CAREFUL, SAHIB! SHE MUST BE FOURTEEN FEET LONG-- AND THE HAMADRYAD IS THE DEADLIEST OF ALL COBRAS!

WITH THE NOOSE READY, I INCHED, CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE! BUT A SUDDEN FLASH OF MOVEMENT STOPPED ME DEAD!

SAHIB! A MONGOOSE! STAND BACK!

BLAST THE INFERNAL LUCK! NOW I'VE LOST THE COBRA! SHE MAY KILL THE MONGOOSE, BUT SHE'LL NEVER COME OUT OF THE FIGHT ALIVE!

WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THE DEATH! WE CANNOT PASS!

DEATH FOR THAT INCREDIBLE CREATURE? I'VE GOT TO STOP IT SOMEHOW--OR SHE'LL BE A MANGLED, BLOODY HEAP! HAND ME THAT RIFLE, ALI!

SORRY, OLD BOY-- BUT I SAW HER FIRST!

GOOD SHOT, SAHIB! YOU HIT THE MONGOOSE!

BANG!

YES, ONE OBSTACLE HAD BEEN ELIMINATED.. BUT NOW I HAD TO SNARE THE COBRA! I EDGED TOWARD HER, EXPECTING A LIGHTENING-QUICK STRIKE AT ANY SECOND! BUT...

CAUTION, SAHIB! SHE IS NOT INJURED-- SHE SEEMS TO BE IN A STATE OF TRANCE! DO NOT TRUST HER!

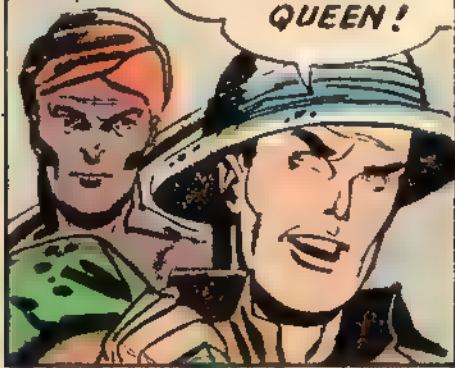
I DON'T GET IT! SHE'S JUST LYING THERE WATCHING ME-- ALMOST AS IF SHE WERE WAITING FOR ME TO COME AND GET HER!

IT'S UNCANNY! HERE I AM HOLDING ONE OF THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST SNAKES-- AND SHE'S AS DOCILE AS A BABY! AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BABY!

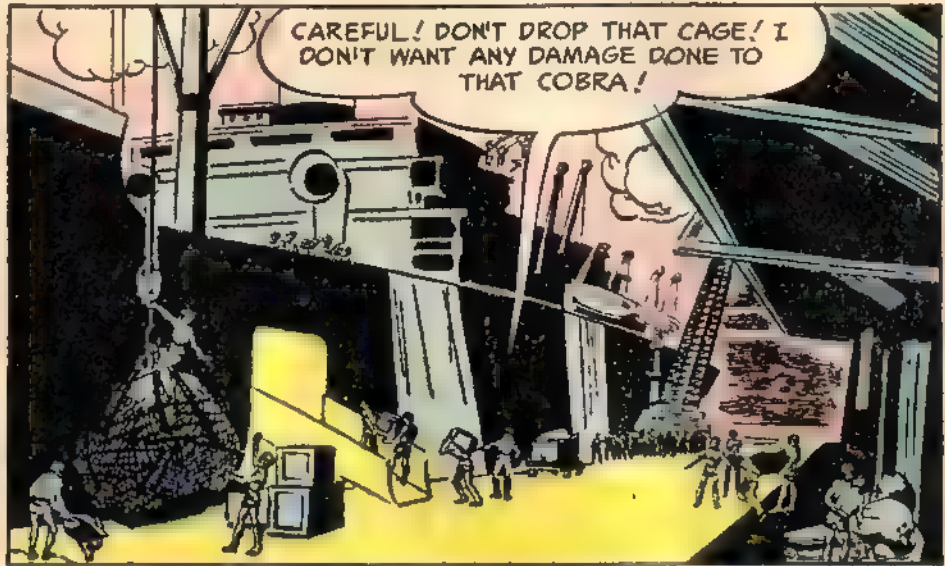
SHE IS NO BABY, SAHIB! THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A MOST POWERFUL AND MIGHTY QUEEN!

AMONG MY PEOPLE THERE IS A LEGEND OF THE KING COBRA! WE BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE THE REINCARNATIONS OF OUR ANCIENT RAJAHS AND RAHNEES!

I'M AFRAID THAT AMONG MY PEOPLE, I'D WIND UP IN A STRAIT JACKET WITH SUCH A STORY! BUT I'LL AGREE THAT SHE'S A QUEEN!



"OF ALL THE SPECIMENS I HAD COLLECTED, THE COBRA WAS THE MOST UNIQUE! ON A WHIM, I NAMED HER NARDA, AFTER AN ANCIENT PRINCESS. A FEW WEEKS LATER, READY TO RETURN TO THE STATES, SHE WAS MY PRIMARY CONCERN!"



CAREFUL! DON'T DROP THAT CAGE! I DON'T WANT ANY DAMAGE DONE TO THAT COBRA!

THAT DOES IT! THEY'RE ALL STOWED SAFELY! YOU CAN FEED THEM ALL NOW-- EXCEPT NARDA! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER MYSELF!



"ELATED, BUT TIRED, I TURNED IN EARLY THAT NIGHT! I WAS DREAMING OF HOME AND MY FIANCEE, CAROL, WAITING FOR ME THERE, WHEN SUDDENLY I AWAKENED... IN A COLD SWEAT, RIGID WITH FEAR!"

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE'S SOMEONE-- OR SOMETHING-- IN THIS STATEROOM WITH ME!



"I TURNED ON THE LIGHT, AND FROZE WITH TERROR!"

YE GODS! S-- NARDA! SHE GET HERE!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY--- CAREFUL, NOW! SHE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP-- BUT ONE SUDDEN MOVE AND I'M FINISHED! EASY---



"BUT JUST AS MY FINGERS SLID FROM UNDER NARDA'S HEAVY COILS, THE COBRA STRETCHED, GENTLY LAID ITS HUGE HEAD OVER MY KNEE, AND LIKE A SENSUOUS WOMAN, NUZZLED CLOSE TO ME!"

GOOD HEAVENS! I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! THIS HAMADRYAD IS BEING COQUETTISH!



I WAS QUIVERING WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF MY DISCOVERY! I STROKED NARDA'S HEAD WARMLY ... BUT THERE WAS NO NEED FOR CAUTION! SHE WAS AS DOCILE AS A KITTEN! IN FACT, I COULD SWEAR I HEARD HER PURR!"

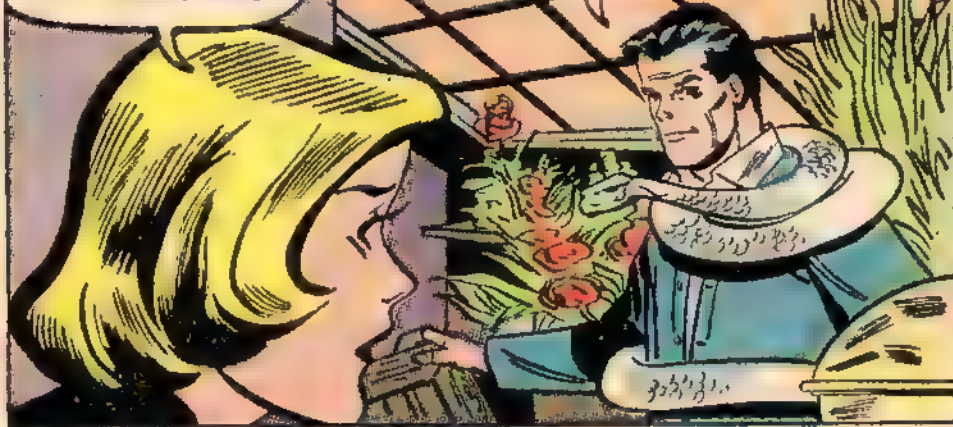
GOOD GIRL, NARDA! NARDA LOVES GORDON--- DOESN'T SHE? GOOD GIRL---



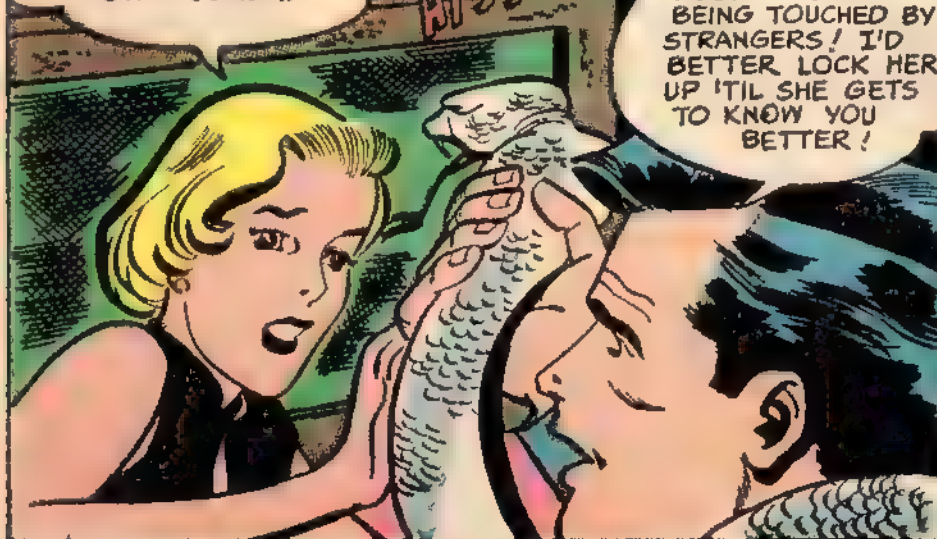
"I KEPT NARDA IN MY CABIN FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE! SURELY, NOBODY HAD A MORE FASCINATING TRAVELING COMPANION! I COULDN'T WAIT TO SHOW CAROL MY NEW PRIZE! AND WHEN I REACHED HOME!"

DARLING! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME! I-- GORDON! A COBRA! ARE YOU INSANE?

DON'T BE ALARMED, HONEY! NARDA IS COMPLETELY HARMLESS! SHE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY! COME HERE AND PET HER!



SHE IS BEAUTIFUL! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD! HELLO, NARDA! I-- OH-- (GASP!)



NARDA! THAT'S STRANGE-- MAYBE SHE JUST DOESN'T LIKE BEING TOUCHED BY STRANGERS! I'D BETTER LOCK HER UP 'TIL SHE GETS TO KNOW YOU BETTER!

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL, NARDA! DON'T FRET, HONEY! I'LL TAKE YOU OUT AGAIN LATER! JUST BE PATIENT! GORDON LOVES YOU!

HEY! I'M GOING TO GET JEALOUS IF YOU KEEP THAT UP! HOW ABOUT A PROPER WELCOME FOR ME?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, NARDA?

THAT COBRA'S NOT AS TAME AS YOU THOUGHT! OR-- MAYBE IT'S ME!

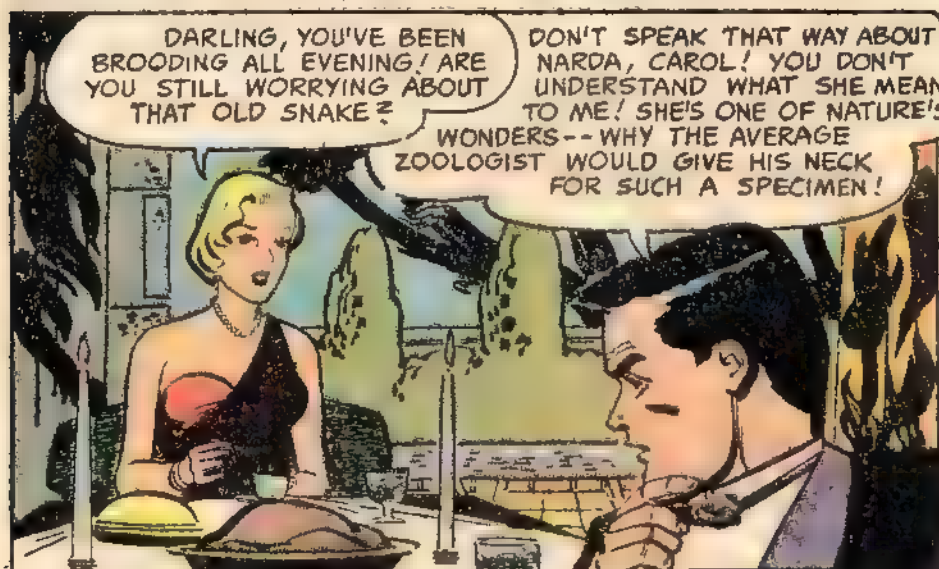


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER, GORDON? SHE'S GOING WILD!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING'S MADE HER FURIOUS! SHE'S USUALLY SO GENTLE AND LOVING!



I LEFT NARDA RELUCTANTLY, AND TRIED TO FORGET MY GRAVE CONCERN OVER HER IN THE PLEASURE OF BEING WITH CAROL AGAIN! BUT IT WAS NO USE! THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE HAD BECOME TOO MUCH A PART OF ME! EVEN CAROL NOTICED IT!"



DARLING, YOU'VE BEEN BROODING ALL EVENING! ARE YOU STILL WORRYING ABOUT THAT OLD SNAKE?

DON'T SPEAK THAT WAY ABOUT NARDA, CAROL! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE MEANS TO ME! SHE'S ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS-- WHY THE AVERAGE ZOOLOGIST WOULD GIVE HIS NECK FOR SUCH A SPECIMEN!

EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG SINCE I BROUGHT HER HERE! SHE'S NOT EATING! SHE SEEMS TO BE--- BROODING ABOUT SOMETHING!

I-I UNDERSTAND! SUPPOSE YOU GO DOWN TO THE LAB TO CHECK ON HER WHILE I RUN UPSTAIRS TO THE POWDER ROOM! BUT YOU HAVE JUST FIVE MINUTES! I NEED YOUR COMPANY MORE THAN NARDA DOES!



RELIEVED, I HURRIED TO THE LAB... BUT MY RELIEF QUICKLY CHANGED TO HORROR WHEN I SAW NARDA'S CAGE! IT WAS EMPTY!"



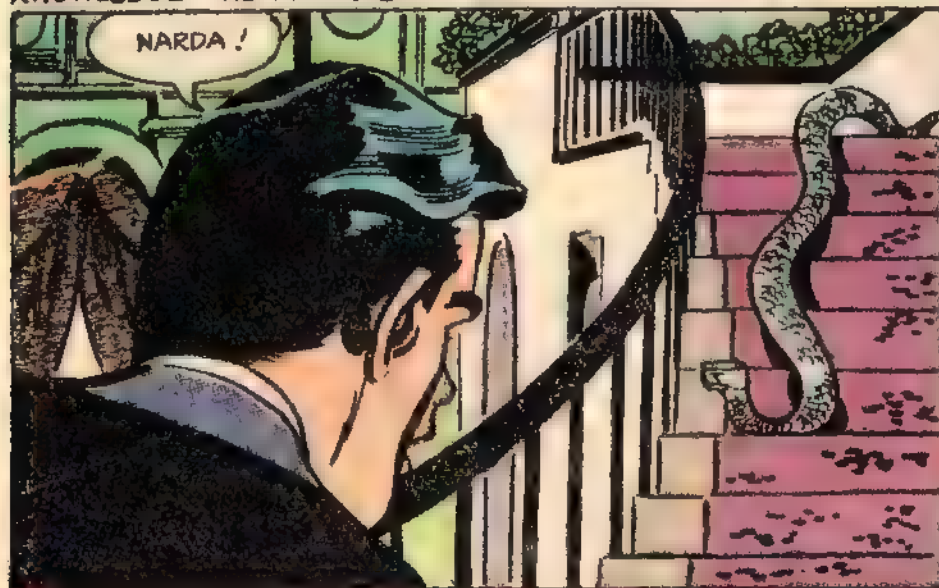
NARDA!--- WHY--- SHE'S GONE! NO! WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME---



EEEEEEEE! HELP! GORD---

WHA--- CAROL! CAROL!

"IN MORTAL TERROR OF I KNEW NOT WHAT, I TORE UPSTAIRS! AND THERE WAS NARDA! EVEN IN MY FEAR, I HAD TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE INCREDIBLE BEAUTY OF HER REGAL BEARING!"



NARDA!



CAROL! GOOD LORD, WHAT'S HAPPENED? SHE MUST HAVE TRIPPED AND FALLEN!

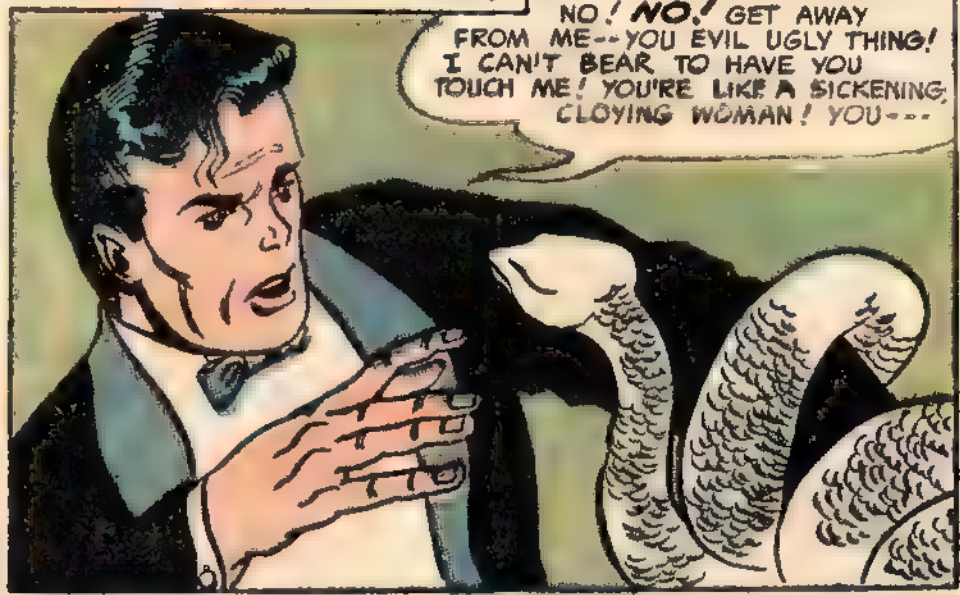
BUT AS I BENT OVER CAROL'S INERT BODY, I RECOILED WITH HORROR!



"THE IMPACT OF MY OWN WORDS MADE ME REEL! NARDA WAS LIKE A CLOYING WOMAN-- SHE HAD CHARMED ME, WON ME, AND NOW, HAD DESTROYED THE ONE THREAT TO HER LOVE! I WAS SICK WITH REVULSION!"



"AS I STARED DUMBLY AT THE RESULTS OF MY FOLLY, NARDA BEGAN SLITHERING SINUOUSLY UP MY ARM AND ENTWINED ME IN HER LONG SENSUOUS COILS!"



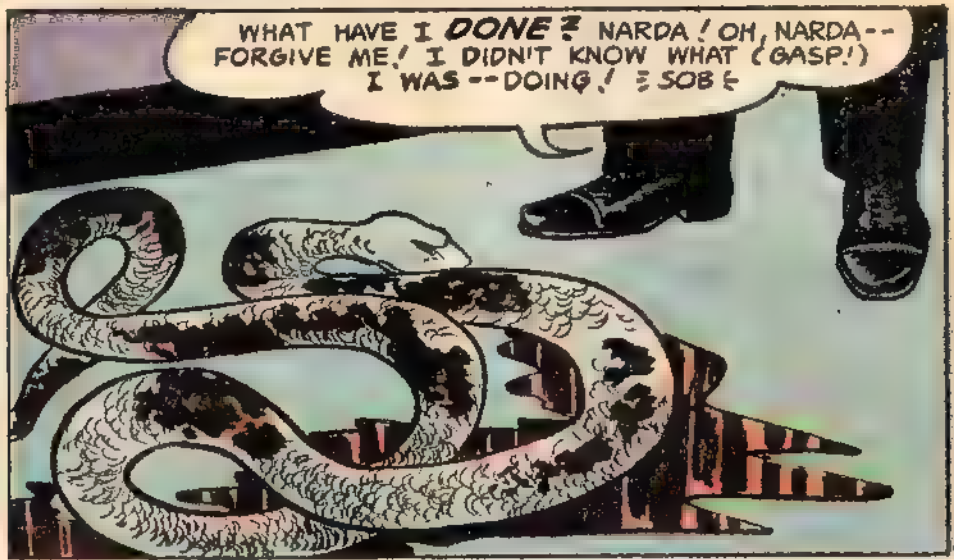
"UPSTAIRS, I BARRICADED MYSELF IN MY ROOM! BUT IT WAS NO USE! NARDA FOLLOWED ME... AND I UNDERSTOOD TOO WELL THE GENTLE, SING-SONG HISsing I HEARD OUTSIDE MY DOOR!"



(GASP!) **ENOUGH!**
NO MORE LOVE SONGS,
NARDA! (GASP!)



**"I KEPT BEATING HER UNTIL I COULD NO LONGER LIFT MY ARM!
I WAITED FOR SOME INNER FEELING OF VINDICATION OR JUSTICE!
... BUT THE SIGHT OF THAT BEAUTIFUL WHITE BODY, NOW MUTI-
LATED AND BLOODY, MADE ME SUDDENLY CRY OUT IN ANGUISH!"**



WHAT HAVE I **DONE?** NARDA! OH, NARDA--
FORGIVE ME! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT (GASP!)
I WAS --DOING! **SOB**

FORGIVE ME, BELOVED! YOU--
GAVE ME YOUR LOVE--AND I
DESTROYED--YOU! NARDA--
MY BEAUTIFUL--MY QUEEN!--



**NO! NO--NARDA!
AAAAARRRGHH!**



SHE'S DEAD--AND I'LL BE--
WITH--HER-- SOON! THE POISON--
--WORKS-- FAST-- WAIT-- FOR--
ME-- NARDA! I--



Morning Herald

GORDON GRAHAM AND FIANCEE FOUND DEAD

Gordon Graham, zoologist,
and his fiancée, Carol Chane,
were found dead, this morn-
ing in the home of Mr. Graba.
Death was caused by the
bite of a king cobra, brought
back from a recent trip
to Burma. Signs of a
struggle were found.

The End

TERRIFIC VALUE!

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THIS
SENSATIONAL COLLECTION OF AIRPLANES



AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
GIANT COLLECTION
of 40 assorted pieces
all yours
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Wings away with the new toy sensation. Contains 40 colorful plastic Airplanes. Different styles—Jets, Bombers, DC4's, etc. Ideal for any age group. Full of play value and inexpensive.

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Please send me the following. If not delighted my money will be cheerfully refunded.

☐ 40 assorted airplanes, I enclose 98¢

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Get PRIZES... make money this Easy Way

WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST FOR A PRIZE? A pretty Wrist Watch—an Archery Outfit— or an Electronic Walkie Talkie? They can be yours, so easily. Many prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST for selling just one order of 48 packs of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c a pack.

Most everybody wants American Vegetable and Flower Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get

your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of prizes, keep \$1.60 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell.

Thousands of boys and girls, men and women have been earning prizes and extra cash this way for 35 years. You can be a prize winner, too. Just sign and mail the coupon for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Isn't that easy? Get busy! Paste coupon on postcard or mail it in envelope today for Big Prize Book and Seeds. Send no money—we trust you. AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, Dept. 407, Lancaster, Pa.



70 GREAT PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Basketball Outfit • Cork Gun
Girls' Shoulder Strap Handbag
Complete Fishing Outfit
Dial Typewriter

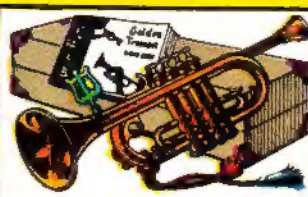


Daisy's Red Ryder Air Rifle
Dick Tracy Camera
Cinderella Wrist Watch
Roy Rogers Binoculars
Ukulele with Arthur God-
frey's famous player
Boys' Radium Dial Wrist
Watch • Woodburning Set
Movie Projector • Phonograph



Crystal Radio Kit
Printing Press • Roller Skates
Identification Bracelet
Ready-to-fly Jet Airplane
Gene Autry Guitar
Electric Jeep
Official Size Football

and
many
more



Here it is... GOLDEN TRUMPET

Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long
Play bugle calls, marches, songs.
Case included. Sell one order



BOYS', GIRLS' WRIST WATCHES

Dale Evans Bracelet Watch. Sell one
order plus \$2.75. Roy Rogers Cow-
boy Watch. Sell one order plus \$1.75.



A GREAT FLASH CAMERA OUTFIT

Camera, flash attachment, 4 bulbs,
batteries, film. Complete outfit given
for selling one order plus \$2.00.



CHEMISTRY SET

Famous Chemcraft Set with book of
Chemical Magic. Sell one order.



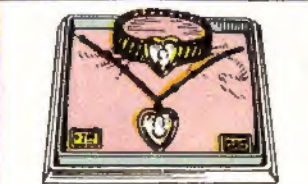
Professional Type Junior Archery Set

Famous Ben
Pearson make.
Has professional-
type 54-inch hardwood bow, 4
feathered arrows, target face, in-
structions. Sell one order plus 75c.



PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight case with removable
tray. Has mirror, lock and key. Sell
one order American Seeds plus 75c.



GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

With necklace and expansion brace-
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Sell one order plus 75c.



OFFICIAL SIZE BASKETBALL

Sturdy valve-type ball. For indoor,
outdoor use. Sell one order plus 75c.



ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIE

Remco's complete 2-way talking
system. Just string out the wire—
start talking. No batteries needed.
Sell one order of American Seeds.



A GREAT KNIFE OUTFIT

Big hunting knife plus
4-blade camp knife.
Double leather belt sheath.
Given for selling one order.



FISHING TACKLE SET

Big 19-piece outfit, including metal
carrying case, 46" rod and precision
reel. Sell just one order plus 75c.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR

Complete
instructions
with song book.
Nylon strings.
Sell one order
plus 75c.



EXTRA
\$1,500 IN
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1st Prize **\$250** 2nd Prize **\$150** 3rd Prize **\$100**
PLUS 20 DELUXE
Schwinn BICYCLES

Everyone selling American Seeds is eligible to
win **GRAND PRIZE AWARDS**. Remember,
they are in addition to your regular prizes and
cash. Coupon brings your first order and
complete facts. **SEND NO MONEY—**
we trust you. Paste coupon on postcard
or mail in envelope today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 407, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Prize Book and one order of
48 packs of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds.
I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money,
and choose my prize.

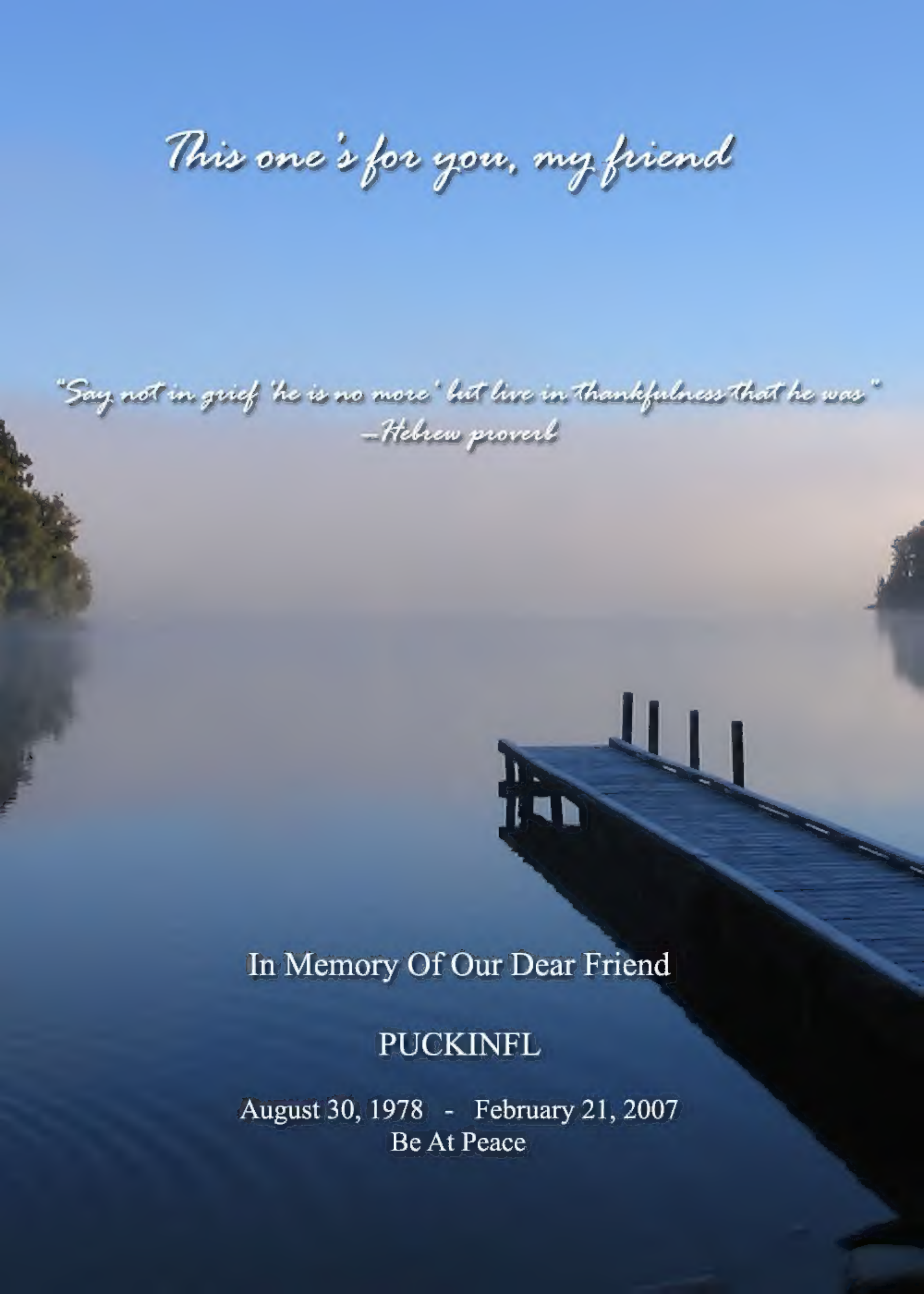
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD—START TODAY



This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
-Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace



Continuity Publishing

NEXT...

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